

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the beach and bay,
Out of sight of tower and town,
An empty and battered boat,
And that boat would not go down.
The morning rose on the waters wide,
And the night fell cold and dark,
Yet ever on with the wind and tide
Drifted that battered bark.

The sail had passed from its broken mast,
And its painted pride was dim;
The salt sea-weed clung round its bows,
Which had been so sharp and trim.
Where were the merry mates and free,
Who had gone with it adrift,
We never learned; but the world's wide sea
Hath lives like that drifting boat —

Lives that in early storms have lost
Anchor and sail and oar,
And never, except on Lethe's shore,
Can come to moorings more;
Out of whose loveless, trustless days
The hope and the heart have gone —
Good ships go down in stormy seas,
But those empty boats drift on!

They had hearts to sail in the wind's eye once;
They had hands to reef and steer,
With a stretch that would not stoop to chance,
And a faith that knew no fear;
But the years were long and the storms were
strong,
And the rainbow flag was furled,
And they that launched for the skies have grown
But the drift-wood of the world.

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

THERE are some hearts that, like the roving
vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not repine —
Patient and sweet as lowly-trodden flowers
That from the passer's heel arise
And fling back odorous breath instead of
sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lonely love that haunts their eyes and
ears;
That wound fond faith with anger worse than
steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
O, Nature! shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love —
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove?
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and repent?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend,
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes
Feel their own anguish swelling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of
sighs?

Sure, love to some fair region of his own
Will flee at last, and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always — weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers, Sorrow is your lot;
They would be rebels: love rebelleth not.

AN EMPEROR'S LITTLE GAME.

WHAT he wants his Army for
Do you wish me to explain?
That, if needful, he, by war,
May the papal power maintain.
Though an Empire he commands,
And on Freedom's neck doth tread,
Not as yet have priestly hands
Placed a crown upon his head.

SEVENTH PIUS did not stick
Pliantly to knuckle down,
Hold a candle to Old Nick,
And NAPOLEON FIRST to crown.
Principles may scarce be met
For a Sovereign Pontiff's grub,
But NINTH PIUS, too, may eat
Syllabus like Syllabus.

PIUS NINTH, within his breast,
Cardinals has hatching got,
Eggs, as in a goose's nest,
And a Cousin 'mongst the lot;
Cardinals of Gallic race:
When the present Pope they lose,
In his Holiness's place
Won't they well know whom to choose?

Scheming Uncle could not quite
Get a POPE to be his tool;
Haply, Nephew thinks he might,
Through a papal kinsman, rule,
Getting underneath his thumb
Nations which the French do call
Latin, so as to become
Lord and master of them all.

"Arm!" his word is, therefore, still,
Who declared his Empire peace.
Fighting men it is his will,
Consequently, to increase.
Chassepôt rifles overthrew
Those who fought to set Rome free.
Next what wonders they may do
Will the Germans wait to see?

— Punch.

From The Quarterly Review.

- ART. VI. — 1. Human Longevity.** By James Easton. Salisbury. 1799.
2. *The Code of Health and Longevity.* In 4 Vols. By Sir John Sinclair, Bart. Edinburgh. 1807.
3. *Annals of Health and Long Life.* By Joseph Taylor. London. 1818.
4. *Records of Longevity.* By Thomas Bailey. London. 1857.
5. *Long-livers; a curious History of Persons of both Sexes, who have lived several ages and grown young again.* By Eugenius Philalethes. London. 1722.
6. *Hermippus Redivivus; or the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave.* Third Edition. London. 1771.
7. *A Treatise on Temperance.* By Lodovico Cornaro, a noble gentleman of Venice. Faithfully Englished. London. 1678.

It is told of the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, that, when canvassing Herefordshire in 1852, he was in the midst of an enquiry into the truth of reported cases of longevity. This enquiry was so far uppermost in his thoughts, that when a Tory voter flatly declined to support his candidature, he placidly responded, 'I am sorry you can't give me your vote, but perhaps you can tell me whether any person has died in your parish at an extraordinary age.' The story is characteristic, and students of 'Notes and Queries' will remember that the statesman of whom it is told contributed to that periodical several papers on longevity and centenarianism — topics which have ever possessed an attraction for the learned and unlearned, and about which there is such a dash of romance and marvel as to make them peculiarly fit game for a mind which is set upon 'establishing truth and startling error.' It is a pity that the research of Sir G. C. Lewis was so early lost to his generation; though he was, we suspect, on the high way to become convinced 'nolens volens' that there were in his own day flawless cases of *female* centenarianism, although the parish registers ransacked at his instance had failed to satisfy him as to males of equal length of years. We must own, too, that while sharing to the full the national pride in so remarkable a scholar, our reverence for his powers of investigation fails to force assent to one of his arguments with regard to longevity, namely, that, because since the Christian era no person of royal or noble birth mentioned in history has reached the age of one hundred years,

there is a presumption that human life, under existing circumstances, does not reach that term. He was wont to argue that, the higher the rank, the greater would be the care with which life would be tended, the greater the chance of accuracy with regard to dates, the more favourable in all respects the conditions required for length of days. Now, it does not appear, either at first sight or after a review of the lucubrations of writers on longevity, that 'gentle nurture' has any special title to claim the largest number of candidates for its honours. Exposure to weather, inevitable in the case of the poorer classes, is, no doubt, a great cause of early mortality; but it is a fact, quite as fully established, that however much cold and hardship try the general health up to mid-age, those who hold out till that period against these generally live long. In Sir John Sinclair's exhaustive 'Code of Health and Longevity,' Dr. Waterhouse, Professor of Physic at Cambridge, New England, in 1804, is quoted as attributing the many instances of longevity which his country affords to the mediocrity of men's circumstances. 'We are not,' he writes, 'rich enough to be luxurious, nor so distressed by poverty as to be pressed prematurely to the grave;' * and this remark, though it points to the midway between the richest and the poorest as the likeliest field of long-life, would assuredly exclude the heads that wear a crown, as well as those of the ranks which are entitled, more or less, to stand near the throne. The cares of state — the excitements of politics or military enterprise — the brainwork incidental to tangled policies and court cabals — are sufficiently calculated to wear out a very delicately-constructed machine, to justify the resort to other classes than the highest, or even the high, for the discovery of cases of longevity. 'It is not,' says Easton, a well-known collector of cases of long life, 'the rich or great, not those who depend on medicines, that become old, but such as use much exercise, are exposed to the fresh air, and whose food is plain and moderate, as farmers, gardeners, fishermen, labourers, soldiers, and such men as perhaps never employed their thoughts on the means used to promote longevity.' †

No doubt there is cogency in Sir G. C. Lewis's argument, that, the lower the rank, the greater will be the tendency to marvel at reputed old age. Sympathy, interest, charity, will combine to bruit about the miracle; and among the illiterate, who have

* 'Sir John Sinclair,' l. 109; cf. iv. 532, &c.

† Easton, Introduction, pp. xi. xii.

little of the sceptical element, such errors as arise out of confounding parent with child, or two children of the same family and name, of whom the second is born after the death of the first, one with another, will naturally pass undetected more frequently than in a higher grade of society. Such mistakes nullify a fair sprinkling of well-promising cases; and not a few, probably, are referable to witless ignorance on the one side, or to witting mischief and waggery on the other. The rustic will gape unsuspectingly at the tombstone at Chave Prior, Worcestershire, which ascribes to an old forefather of the hamlet the goodly length of 309 years. But the record meant nothing patriarchal. The village chiseller, hazy about numeration, wished to score 39, and engraved 30 first and 9 afterwards. In St. Leonard's churchyard, Shoreditch, there is or was a grave-stone, on which, by a subsequent alteration of 1 into 2 by some wag, a buried worthy has the credit of 100 more years than the hundred and seven, which his relatives attributed to him. Yet, allowance made for ignorance and credulity, mischief and exaggeration, it is hard to conceive that of the very many cases quoted, in which persons have exceeded a hundred years, a tolerable residuum will not survive the sifting-process. If persons within our knowledge have reached ninety-seven or ninety-eight years, why limit man's life to that bound, and discredit all alleged excesses of four, five, or half a dozen years? Concede the excess over the Psalmist's figure of as many years as twenty-six or twenty-eight, and what forbids us to allow it to be made thirty or thirty-five? The line is drawn too tightly. If we credit the extension of man's years to within three or four short of a hundred, the upholders of man's longevity under favourable conditions have gained a large admission, and can afford to allow a rebate or discount upon their occasionally much larger figures.

And that such an extension of man's term of days is not inconsistent with the analogies of brute life the researches of Buffon and Haller have gone far to show. The former held that 'the man who did not die of accidental causes reached, everywhere, the age of ninety or a hundred;' and the physiologist agrees in substance with the naturalist. The calculation of Buffon was based on the proportion which duration of life bears, in all animals, to duration of years of growth. A dog attains full growth in two years, which he can multiply by five or six in his term of life. The horse, full grown at four years, can live six or seven times as long, i. e. twenty-five or twenty-six years. On

the same principle, argued Buffon, man, fourteen years in growing, can live six or seven times that term, or, to ninety or a hundred years. The researches, too, of the French physicians, most recently those of Dr. Acosta of Paris, into the subject of the commencement of decadence, while shewing much diversity as to the 'climacteric'—which according to the Greeks was 49, according to M. Flourens 70, and according to the Arabs 63 and 81, i. e. seven times and nine times their magic 'nine'—corroborate the opinion that certain organizations are proof against the ravages of time and the attacks of sickness and death. Some men retain their vigour of mind and intellect till ninety or a hundred. In his '*Traité de la vieillesse Hygénique*' (constantly quoted in M. Flourens's interesting chapter 'on old age')*, M. Reveillé-Parise, a deceased physician and philanthropist, distinguishes between the life of action and the life of power, the '*vireo in posse*' and the '*vireo in actu*,' the '*forces in reserve*' and the '*forces in use*,' which are the disposable fund of man's strength. As he descends the hill of life he finds the lack of the former, which in youth were superabundant; he has to trust in the main to his '*active forces*.' If he draws upon those in reserve, he may run a risk of his draught being dishonoured. From this point of view, the typically healthy old man will, according to M. Reveillé-Parise, be he who, beside 'knowing how to be old' and 'knowing himself well,' is careful to conform to regular habits, and, above all, '*to attack every malady at its source*.' The object of this last rule is to cut short at once whatsoever has a tendency to exhaust the '*forces in use*'—the only forces, in short, that are available to age. It is reasonable enough that (sickness and accident not intervening) the conscious or unconscious observance of these rules by persons of a healthy organization may land them very close to the verge of that centenarianism which Buffon considers the ordinary, not extraordinary, limit of human life. But to turn from analogies and probabilities to data which are more or less matter of fact.

We shall glean from writers or compilers some of the more memorable instances of longevity. The subject is as fertile in romance as in tolerably veracious history. From the data furnished by the latter a few deductions, chiefly of negative character, will be made; and, in connection with these,

* 'On Human Longevity, and the amount of Life upon the Globe.' By P. Flourens. Translated from the French by C. Martell. Second Edition. C. 2. pp. 23-50. London, 1855.

we may be permitted to glance at various schemes for attaining long life. And hence we may be led to practical conclusions as to the fruits of enquiring into a subject which has attracted the curious from time immemorial, and we may perhaps be able to establish, not so much that longevity is in itself a matter to be coveted, as that there are secondary senses in which 'days long in the land' are as attainable as they are legitimate objects of desire.

The representative names of the annals of ultra-longevity are the Countess of Desmond, Old Parr, and Henry Jenkins. Two of this famous trio have an enhanced interest, as first links in short chains connecting 'now' with 'long long ago.' The late Marquis of Bristol in 1851, being then 83, averred that, when he was a young man, the Dowager Lady Stanhope used to say she 'knew a lady who had known a lady who had seen the old Countess of Desmond, who danced with Richard the Third, when Duke of Gloucester — only two ladies between Lady Stanhope and the old Countess.*' The grandfather of Campbell, the poet, knew a gentleman who had seen Lady Desmond, and another account gives four links of lives between the old Countess who was born in 1465, and a lady alive in 1859. Katherine Fitzgerald, this famous old Lady Desmond, is said to have been twenty years of age at the time of Bosworth Field (1485). Sir Walter Raleigh knew her in 1589, when she would be 124, and Fynes Morrison, the traveller, speaks of her as alive when he was in Ireland, where she resided, from 1599 to 1603. What Sir W. Temple records of her is hearsay from the Earl of Leicester, and there is not much to be made of what Horace Walpole contributed to her history. Writers in 'Notes and Queries,' and a contributor to the 'Quarterly Review,'† have, we think, settled the question that she lived 140 years, but not that she travelled from Ireland to London in 1614, when she would have been 150. Bacon, in his 'Natural History,' says she cut a new set of teeth in her old age — a circumstance not unprecedented in the 'Records of Longevity'; and Morrison declares that when sevenscore she was wont to walk four or five miles to market. If so, she might have had vigour left to climb the nut-tree, through a fall from which, tradition says, she came by her death; though a modern humourist evidently thought this statement required qualify-

ing when he did not venture to say more of her than

'That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
And died from a fall from a cherry tree then.'*

This catastrophe may have furnished a climax for a local ballad, which we cut a few months since from a county newspaper, 'The three old men of Painswick.' A pilgrim, so it runs, finds a very old man weeping. On asking the cause, he is told the old man's father has been beating him. The pilgrim remonstrates with the Gloucestershire Methuselah for his parental severity, and learns that it had been called forth by the 'old boy' pelting his grandfather, who was up in an apple-tree. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

Another linking of the 'dead past with the living present' is suggested by the name of Henry Jenkins. To put the case as stated in the 'Edinburgh Courant' two years ago, an octogenarian alive in 1865 had seen Peter Garden, of Auchterless, who died at the age of 126, and who, when twelve years old (in 1670), had heard Jenkins give evidence at York, that, when a boy, 'he carried arms up the hill to the Battle of Flodden.' But the editor of 'Notes and Queries' proves this chain incomplete. Not to enumerate the inaccuracies in the statement attributed to Jenkins, it is scarcely credible that Garden, a Scotch boy of twelve years old, should have chanced to be at York so exactly in the nick of time as to hear Jenkins give evidence at the Assizes, in the very year in which Jenkins died. This is just such a chink in the joints of the harness as Mr. Thoms loves to pierce.‡ But Peter Garden's death happened in 1775, of which there happens to be evidence, although none of his date of birth or birthplace. Either then the octogenarian underrated his own age by ten years, or saw the aforementioned Peter Garden ten years before he was himself in the body — a dilemma fatal to this loose-hanging fabric. Jenkins's epitaph in Bolton Church is no sort of evidence, as it was composed by Dr. Thomas Chapman, Master of Magdalen, Cambridge, some eighty years after Jenkins's death.

Old Parr's story, though not the subject of any similar linking process, has, connected with it much curious fact, and perhaps as much impudent romance. Thomas Parr was born at Alberbury, near Church Stret-

* 'Notes and Queries,' 2nd Series, vol. vii. 313, 305, 431.

† March, 1863.

* Walpole's Letters (Nos. 1692-1657) leave it doubtful whether it was a cherry-tree or a walnut.

‡ 'Notes and Queries,' 2nd Series; vol. x. 156. Bailey's 'Records of Longevity,' p. 61.

ton, Salop, in 1483. He married his first wife at eighty, and lived with her thirty-two years. Eight years after her death the old man, then 120, married a second wife, with whom scandal says that he had been smitten during his first wife's life-time. This second marriage he survived thirty-two years, and then only cut short his days by assenting to so total a change of life as a removal from the condition of a village rustic to the bustle and excitement of life in London, whither the Earl of Arundel transported him, apparently as a curiosity to amuse the quality, for he was presented, it seems, to Charles I. and his Court. Poor old man! he missed his cheese and onion, his daily milk or whey, and his holiday cup of ale or cider, when, to prolong his life, he was fed on the best of everything in his patron's London mansion. The famous Dr. Harvey ascertained by a post-mortem examination that but for this change he might have lived much longer. In 1635 the patriarch rested at last, finding a grave in Westminster Abbey, and a 'vates sacer' in Taylor, the water-poet. There is reason to believe that this writer's contemporary pamphlet, entitled 'The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man, or the Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr,' is in the main reliable. Taylor says of Parr's diet:—

'His phisic was good butter, which the soil
Of Salop yields, more sweet than Candy oil,
And garlic he esteemed beyond the rate
Of Venice treacle or best mithridate.
He entertained no gout, no ache he felt,
The air was good and temperate where he
dwelt,
While mavisess and sweet-tongued nightingales
Didd chaunt him roundelays and ma'rigals.
Thus living within bounds of nature's laws
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.'

In the evidence for Parr's 152 years there may possibly be a flaw or two, but we are disposed to accept as fact his exceptional longevity. Romance stepped in after his death to enhance the marvel. Sticklers for hereditary longevity, for instance, eagerly seized an illustration of their theory in the circumstance that Robert Parr, of Kinver, near Stourbridge, a grandson (so they affirm) of the 'olde, olde man,' lived to the age of 124 (A. D. 1633-1757). Unfortunately for their theory, which further gives Robert's father a span of 109 years, and his grandfather 113, it is recorded of Thomas Parr that he had but two children by his first wife, both of whom died young, and one, a daughter, by his second. If so,

Robert's lineage requires explanation; and this is not so trifling a point as it may seem, for thereon depends the coherence of the tradition of 'Parr's Pills.' The puffers of that valuable property purport to have discovered a parchment two hundred years old, in which Parr bequeaths to his second great-grandson 'ye method employed for preparing ye medicament' whereby he attained his miraculous old age. But this figment is a timid affair compared with the tract which they vend under the title of the 'Extraordinary Life and Times of old Parr.' The writer, had he minded his dates, and not overcrowded his canvas, might have taken rank as an historico-sensationalist. According to him, Lord Arundel, chancing to see old Parr doing penance in Alberbury Church at the age of 102, at once offered him a situation in his family. Under the Earl's roof he became acquainted with a distinguished visitor, the old Countess of Desmond, to whom he imparted some of the life-pills which had kept him young and vigorous so long. The fortuitous concurrence of two such old people might have satisfied an every-day romancist, but not so the ingenious pill-puffer. After old Lady Desmond's demise the venerable Parr (at the age of 118) conceived a desire to visit Henry Jenkins, Shropshire and Yorkshire being in those days, we conclude, within easy distance of each other. Old Parr travels to 'Ellerton,' has a chat with Jenkins, then only a hundred, and leaves him a supply of 'ye famous medicament,' which enables him to gain flesh and to follow the occupation of a fisherman some sixty-nine years longer. Parr's connexion with the life-pills is probably about as real as with his supposed great-grandson at Kinver. But, after clearing away the exaggerations, there must remain in these three cases a large substratum of truth. They are not transparently fabulous, like the myth which one Astephius circulated of himself, that he was 1025 years old when he wrote a certain work,* or the story of a sheikh at Smyrna still alive, although not a day less than 600 years of age.†

Minor improbabilities crop out occasionally in records of longevity, such as that a lady of South Carolina had measles at the age of ninety-nine; that Mary Costello's grandmother lived to 125, and long before she died had to be rocked in a cradle like a baby; and that Mr. John Weeks, who lived

* See 'Hermippus Redivivus' (London, 1771), p. 166, where it is said that 'a man must sure have an ostrich's stomach to digest this.'

† See 'Notes and Queries,' 3rd Series, vol. vii. 150.

to be 114, married his tenth wife when he was 106, she being sixteen at that time. May and December assuredly! But, to confine ourselves to more prosaic records, the lists of Easton, Bailey, Taylor, and other collectors of cases of longevity, furnish so large a number which verge on, or pass the verge of, a hundred years, that, if we accept an eighth part of these, it will result that centenarianism is neither impossible nor improbable. A great preponderance of instances will consist of persons in humble station. Life in the open air, plain diet, regular occupation, all tend to preserve health and vigour. But if, taking a leaf out of the sceptic's book, we allow a very large margin for inaccuracies arising from carelessness, ignorance, and credulity, it is but fair to limit this allowance mainly to the lower classes, while we claim for higher grades more or less title to credence. Among high and low, however, one fact is equally ascertained — that women have the advantage of men as regards length of days. According to Hufeland,* a great Prussian authority, 'not only do women live longer than men, but married women longer than single, in the proportion, according to some registers, of two to one. Only men, however, attain the utmost extent of longevity. The pliability of the female body gives it for a time more durability, but as strength is essential to very great length of life, though more women than men become old, fewer become very old.' It may not be amiss to take a few instances from this more enduring as well as gentler sex. David Garrick's widow survived that eminent tragedian forty-three years, and died in 1822, aged ninety-nine. She had, before her marriage, been a dancer on the boards of Drury-lane, and was a native of Vienna. She died in her chair, retaining her faculties to the last. Bailey cites, too vaguely perhaps for the sceptical, the Hon. Mrs. Watkins of Glamorganshire, who died in 1790, aged 110. The year before she died she made a trip from Wales to London, to see Mrs. Siddons act. Nine visits did she make to the theatre during her stay, retiring prudently before the after-piece; and, besides this, she sat for her portrait, and ascended to the 'Whispering Gallery' at St. Paul's. She got safe home; and London did not prove her Capua, as it did old Parr's. A more irrefragable case, perhaps, is that of Mrs. Williams, of Moor Park, Herts, and Bride-head, Dorset, who died, aged 102, in 1841, and of whom her great-grandson

* Hufeland 'On the Art of Prolonging Human Life,' l. 168; quoted by Sir John Sinclair, l. 66.

avers* that she was couched for cataract when 81, and made a speech, upstanding, to her tenantry, when they congratulated her on her hundredth birthday. No attempt has been made to invalidate this communication of her descendant. The three old ladies above mentioned might object to the company into which for the nonce we introduce them, in taking next Mrs., or, as she was commonly called, 'Lady' Lewson, an eccentric widow, who died in London in 1806 at the age of 106. Born in Essex-street, Strand, and married early, she was left a rich widow at six-and-twenty. For the rest of her days her chief companions were an old man-servant, two dogs, and a cat. In dress she was fanciful and particular, adhering steadfastly to the fashions of her youth, when George I. was king. But she was a decided foe to cleanliness. Her rooms were never washed, seldom swept; and to personal ablutions she was an utter stranger. 'People who washed themselves,' she said, 'were always catching cold.' She used to smear face and neck with hog's lard, and to 'top up,' as regarded her cheeks, with rose-pink. Her health was good to the last, and she cut two new teeth at eighty-seven. She was buried at Bunhill Fields Burying-ground.

We could cite from personal knowledge another widow-lady, who died in her ninety-seventh year, preserving to the last her health and faculties, and interest in all around her, and going twice to church on Sundays till the week of her death. Most memorable in this venerable dame, whose name no dweller between the Severn and the Wye would need to be told, was her wonderful gift of being able, from long observation and experience,† to form an almost unfailing induction as to what would happen in any matter, the issue of which was to others 'in dubio.' But there are cases of equal longevity among single women. Miss Baillie, the sister of Joanna, (who lived to 89) and of the eminent London physician, was alive at Hampstead in 1861, and beginning a second century of existence. Miss Elizabeth Gray died in 1856, aged 108, having been born in 1748. She was a daughter of William Gray, writer, of Newholm, Edinburgh, and her mother and sisters also lived to very advanced age. She survived her father

* 'Notes and Queries,' 2nd Series, vol. xi. 58.

† Aristot. Eth. VI., xi. 6, ὥστε δὲ προσέχων τῶν ἐμπειρῶν καὶ πρεσβυτέρων ἢ φρονιμῶν ταῖς ἀντιποδείκτοις φάσκει καὶ δοῦναι οὐχ ὅσον ἀποδείξων. διὰ γὰρ τὸ εἶχει ἐκ τῆς ἐμπειρίας ὅμια ὁρῶντων ὁρῶν.

one hundred years, and, stranger still, was buried beside a half-brother, who had been dead 128 years. This case is stated in Chambers' 'Book of Days,'* where it is said that her birth is chronicled in the registers of Dolphington parish, and her parentage and length of days well known in the upper circles of Edinburgh. These cases would be hard to disprove. Others appear less reliable. A rather promising instance, Miss Mary Billinge,† whose claim to 112 years was in a fair way to be established in 'Notes and Queries,' has been ruthlessly upset by a keen-scented investigator, who proves a mistaken identity, and reduces her years to ninety-one. Dolly Pentreath, the last person, it is said, who could speak the ancient Cornish language, had some pretensions to be 102 years of age at her decease. Stern investigation, however, has reduced her age by eleven years at the least, and, if she was baptised in infancy, by perhaps thirty-eight years. This is sharp work with the faith of such Cornishmen as still cling to the legend of a once-existing epitaph to the old lady which, when translated from her vernacular into ours, ran as follows:—

'Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred aged and two,
Deceased and buried in Paul parish too.
Not in the church, with people great and high,
But in the churchyard doth old Dolly lie.'‡

But the inscribed granite obelisk, which, through the interest of Prince Lucien Bonaparte in the old woman's linguistic fame, actually surmounts her grave, is prudently silent as to her much-vexed age.§ From centenarian females in humble life we shall cull only two more cases, Mary Burke, of Stewart's Rents, Drury-lane, London, and Anna Brestow, of Moses Dale, Culbeck, Cumberland, both of whom died in 1789, the former at the age of 105, and the latter of 102, representatives apparently of long life under very diverse conditions.

To turn to the briefer-lived 'lords of creation,'—is their tenure incapable of extraordinary extension in certain cases? It seems not, if we are content with less rigid evidence than certificates of baptism and burial. Approximate evidence of an individual's age would be the 'constans

opinio' of two or three generations round the spot where he lived, corroborating his imputed length of days. From their tenure of livings, their daily presence among their people, the ease with which their lowest age at ordination can be ascertained, cases of longevity among the clergy seem least likely to rest on slender foundations. Their regularity of life, out-door habits, and comparative immunity from excitement, make us expect to find old age common in their ranks. Accordingly it would be hard to find a flaw in the alleged centenarianism of Dr. Totty, Rector of Fairlight and of Etchingham, near Hastings, who died in 1857, at the age of 101. He was as well known in Bath as in his own county, and, as far as we can discover, his case remains undisputed. The instances of an incumbent of Staunton-on-Wye in Herefordshire, who died 1790 at the reputed age of 105 (the Rev. W. Davis), and of the Rev. Peter Alley of Dunamoni, in Ireland, who died in 1763, at the age of 111, may, we should think, be depended on. The latter held his benefice seventy-three years, which, with twenty-four years previous to taking priest's orders, would give him a minimum age of ninety-seven. This worthy, we learn, was regular and temperate, had had two wives, and was the father of thirty-three children by them. The English divine with whom we couple him seems to have defied the usual rules for attaining long life. For the last thirty-five years of his life he took little in-door, and no out-door, exercise. He lived well and fed heartily, taking buttered rolls for breakfast, and hot roast meat for supper.* He always drank wine, but *never to excess*. It was the same with another famous longevitarian of nearly the same date, but in the Romish Church—Cardinal de Solis, Archbishop of Seville. He died in his 110th year, in 1785, with every faculty, except his hearing, unimpaired. He imputed his green old age to a sober, studious life, regular exercise, and a good conscience, as well as to a pint of the best Xeres at each meal, except in very cold weather, when he allowed himself a third more.

None of the Popes attained extreme

* The present incumbent of Staunton-on-Wye, the Rev. H. W. Phillott, informs us that Mr. Davis became incumbent of Staunton-on-Wye in 1733, and held that benefice till 1790. He appears in the register to have been aged 105. The burial places of his wife and some children are specified. He was an 'eminently careful and exact scribe; and the registers, during his incumbency, were a pattern of neatness and calligraphy.' Mr. Phillott, whose accuracy and research are well known, thinks that Mr. Davis's age is well authenticated.

* 'Book of Days,' l. 463.

† 'Notes and Queries,' 3rd Series, vol. vii. 112, 154, 504.

‡ See 'Notes and Queries,' 2nd Series, vol. i. 17.

§ On this subject see also the remarks in the 'Quarterly Review,' No. 245, p. 40.

length of days, though more than one offered premiums for the secret of attaining them. Our later primates have sometimes lived to a respectable longevity, as might be expected of men who have reached the 'ne plus ultra' of their profession. And a Bishop of Lichfield, Morton, died at ninety-five.

Lord Clarendon, in his autobiography, remarks on the longevity of lawyers, which he ascribes to 'the exercise they give themselves by their circuits, as well as to their other acts of temperance and sobriety.* Our modern legal luminaries are fairly long-lived. The late Lord Lyndhurst, the veterans Brougham and Pollock, are instances of this, though they might be distanced by the 'olde olde men' of other professions. Lord Mansfield, often quoted on the score of age, died at 89, Lord Kaimes at 86; Lord Monboddo, who had his crotchets as well as his cases to wear out his brain, lived to be 90. Lord Stowell was 91, Lord Eldon 87. The physicians have rarely succeeded in personal illustration of the art of preserving life. Perhaps they have doubted whether the end is worth the means; for though Galen is said to have lived to 140 years, and Hippocrates to 104, in modern days we can adduce few who lived past ninety, like Dr. Heberden, or the Swedish Dr. Jernitz, who reached 104 by an elixir of his own compounding. The ages of literary men are rarely very great, and, where exceptional longevity does crop out, it is in such cases as that of Samuel Rogers, the poet and table-talker, who published his first volume of poems two years after Dr. Johnson's death, and in a leisurely, luxurious way kept up his connexion with literature till his death in his 93rd year, in 1855. Hoyle, the author of the Whist treatise, was in his 98th year when he died. Fontenelle, the witty, placid Parisian man of letters, who was said to have as good a heart as could be made out of brains, lived to be a hundred. Around his name might be grouped those of other Parisian beaux-esprits of the same period, but it is to this type of littérateurs, and not to the more solid and earnest advancers of learning, that we must look for nonagenarians and centenarians.† Irritability frequently accompanies genius. Envy keeps some back from honour, until it seems scarce worth the quest. Disappointment, more than aught else, shortens life, by making the owner indiffer-

ent to it. And brain work is surely not conducive to longevity. Few engineers, or artists, are long lived; less than ever in these days of enterprise and excitement. Though James Watt reached 83, the elder Brunel 81, and Telford 77, the younger Brunel and the younger Stephenson were far from 'attaining unto the days of the years of their fathers.' So with the devotees of art, few out of many have reached extreme old age. Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, painter, sculptor, and architect, finished a life of patient working at the age of 90. Sir Christopher Wren sleeps under his own fabric, where he found his rest at the age of 91. But these are exceptional cases, as among painters is that of Titian, who died of the plague at the age of 99, and that of Conrad Roepel, of the Hague, who lived to be a hundred; although no doubt industry might hunt up some few octogenarians.

Of actors, Macklin is the representative centenarian. Like others, who set themselves to compass longevity, he forsook in good time his youthful irregularities. For his last sixty-seven years he made health his business and study, one of his crotchets being never to eat or drink at set times, but as inclination or appetite prompted. Writers on health, however, are unanimous in condemning the system of 'little sups and little bits.'

From ranks yet higher or more prominent — camp, court, senate, kings of men — it is harder to draw instances. Sir George Beeston, an English Admiral at the time of the Spanish Armada, was born in the last year of the fifteenth century and died on the first of the seventeenth. But the Drakes, Hawkinses, Frobishers, were much shorter lived.* Another naval hero — and something more — a Dodge, was 'blind old Dandolo,' who, when over ninety, planted, in 1203, the standard of St. Mark on the captured ramparts of Constantinople. Marshal Radetzky and Lord Combermere were military nonagenarians. Our Iron Duke was 83 when he died, but only 46 when he fought his last battle. His brother Marquis Wellesley, who died at the same age, and Henry Petty, Marquis of Lansdowne, may rank as post-octogenarian statesmen, as might Lord Palmerston also: but though fourscore years are a long stress for a politician, these men were but boys compared with humble examples of longevity.

In the most exalted ranks one finds, as

* 'Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon,' vol. I. p. 82. Oxford, 1828.

† Hobbes, however, arrived at the age of 92.

* The longevity of Greenwich pensioners proves nothing as regards those who have had the responsibility of commanding them, while afloat.

might be expected, no greater rarity than extreme old age among kings and princes. 'A nice and tender bringing up is no doubt a great enemy to longevity,' and this alone would militate even against such scions of royalty as had no anxieties of kingerft or state affairs to worry them. But add these cares to delicate antecedent nurture, credit a prince or ruler with a lively conscience, and an urgent sense of responsibility, and surely the chances are unfavourable to his being proof against such pressure on mind and brain, as must in time wear out the stoutest frame and the toughest mental fibres. 'A desire to live long,' one is sometimes told, is apt to conduce to longevity. It did not so prove in the case of those Popes who encouraged such men as Friar Bacon to work out the problem of prolonging life, nor in that of Louis XI., whose ever-worthing brain, no doubt, helped to defeat one of its own most cherished schemes herein. And indeed, generally, where length of days can be traced in the lives of princes and potentates, such cases will be found to be those of persons of inferior mental calibre, deficient perception of the real objects of life, more or less stolidity, and some degree of insensibility to all beyond their own interests. From this point of view it is curious to examine the character of Lewis Cornaro, a famous centenarian of noble, though not princely, birth. The key, we take it, to the character of this great apostle of dietary longevity, is 'self.' The political offences of his relatives had closed against him the public honours and offices to which, as a Venetian nobleman, he might have aspired. The fault was not his own, and he seems to have had nothing to do but to live an intemperate and irregular life till he was six-and-thirty. Finding at that age that he had already one foot in the grave, he saw that he must change his way of living, and carried out a strict 'regimen' with that unbroken purpose which is his sole great feature. Thenceforth he abode steadily by a diet of but twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of liquids 'per diem,' and kept a constant watch against heat, cold, fatigue, grief, every sort of excess or inquietude. He succeeded, he tells us, in so getting under his body, that violent passions, if they did sometimes possess him, did not hurt him, as they did his less temperate brethren. The story he gives of his upset out of a coach at the age of 70, and the little effect which a couple of dislocated limbs had on his health, is not uninteresting; but few will repress a smile when he gravely lays down that a fever, which

he contracted by adding two ounces to his stated food, and two to his liquid, raged furiously for thirty-five days and nights, and yielded at last only to his going back to his former modicum. Some will ask, was this dieting worth the trouble? Indeed, Sir John Sinclair * suggests the inquiry, 'how could the business of the world be carried on if every man were to begin to follow such a system at the fortieth year of his age.' Cornaro had no public cares; and, having but one child, a daughter born to him late in life, few domestic cares. He had an ample patrimony, and, in due time, plenty of grandchildren. He had an un-failing self-conceit. He dabbled—in fine weather—in agriculture, architecture, and and divers schemes for improving his estate. He had a kind of mild patriotism, which was a secondary consideration. At 83 he wrote a comedy which his grandchildren and he himself thought very good, and which, he held, entitled him to a higher niche in the temple of fame than Sophocles, who wrote a tragedy at 73. In his last treatise, written when he was 95, he had brought his regimen to such perfection, that, to quote his naive confession, † 'neither the death of grandchildren, nor of other relations or friends, could make any impression on him but for a moment or two, and then it is over.' When having just rounded the goal of centenarianism he died in his elbow-chair, he must have been a perfect illustration of the kinship between infancy and senility. Mr. Arthur Helps somewhere finds the secret of success in life in fine, fluent, unreflecting dogmatism. Cornaro's case makes us suspect that the secret of long life may lie, more or less, in the calmness that is bred of the most imperturbable self-satisfaction. Fairly considered, his example neither makes longevity enviable, nor establishes for it an exceptional footing among the ranks of the great and noble.

It was however, we suspect, the self-complacent, rather than the self-dieting, element, which kept Cornaro so long in the land of the living. Above we cited Fontenelle as a long-lived wit and man of letters. A reviewer in these pages discussing, now more than half a century ago, the longevity of this man and his confrères, attributes it in great part to 'imperturbable self-complacency and to a succession of occupations which amuses without wear and tear of the passions.' ‡ Though more or less the Jesuit Lessius, and others, have advocated Corna-

* Code of Health and Longevity, iii. 49, &c.

† Sinclair, vol. iii. 99.

‡ Quarterly Review, xl. p. 412, note.

ro's dietary views, and any inquiry, however superficial, will show that longevity is as common in persons who defy regimen and sobriety, as in those who most strictly enforce them.*

But perhaps it may be supposed that it is a matter of atmosphere and climate? Agricultural districts may be more conducive to life than manufacturing; the fresh open country than the crowded city; temperate climates than inclement. No such case is made out, by accredited reports on sickness and mortality, in favour of the rural districts, and it is an established fact that a severe climate is not inimical to longevity. 'Rural districts have the advantage of about one in two hundred deaths above city districts, and one in five hundred above the town districts.'† The case above referred to, of two women dying in the same year, one in Drury Lane at the age of 105, the other in Cumberland at 102, goes to qualify any argument in favour of country as against town, and points, if any way, in favour of 'a pre-disposition to life.' In fact, while on the one side may be pleaded the '*pericula mille sævæ urbis*,' the overcrowding, the liability to disease and accident, on the other it may be urged, that civilisation lessens the death-rate, that medical aid is more accessible and reliable in towns; in short, that the pros and cons are pretty equally balanced. Hot countries are not more conservative of life than cold. The climates of China, Guinea, &c., ripen life too rapidly, and therefore are far less favourable to longevity than the inclement regions of Iceland and Greenland. Norway has always boasted its large average of very old people. The Highlands of Scotland, the colder parts of Wales and England, show the same phenomenon in the records of parishes. Is long life, then, the result of exercise? It can hardly be so ruled when we note such cases as that of the old Vicar of Staunton, before mentioned, whose utmost exercise for the last thirty-five years of his life was to slip one foot before another from room to room. Doubtless in scores of instances much open-air exercise has been an accident of special longevity: yet records and experience concur in furnishing cases of great tenacity of life under the most di-

rectly opposite conditions. Men have lived beyond a hundred years without walking more than a hundred yards a day, from house to office and back. No lit depends not on exercise, nor yet — if we dare breathe it in an age wholly given to 'tubbing' — on frequent ablutions, or strict cleanliness. Witness 'Lady Lewson,' to whose peculiar views on this topic a cutting short of her days cannot be objected. Witness Elizabeth Durieux, a woman of Savoy, whom a writer in '*Notes and Queries*'* saw when she was 119 years old, bony, large-limbed, wrinkled, and *very dirty*. Witness, as a nation, the Icelanders, of whom a Quarterly Reviewer says that 'though very uncleanly and suffering much from skin-diseases, and leprosy particularly, their average longevity exceeds that of the continental nations of Europe!'

What is it then? More than anything else, probably, 'a certain bodily and mental pre-disposition to longevity,' † the signs of which may be summed up in the '*mens sana in corpore sano*,' in a sanguine temperament with a little of the phlegmatic, and in a strong natural power of restoration and healing. Of course this pre-disposition depends for fulfilment on various circumstances — a tranquil life; an absence from irritability, or provocation to it; a contentment arising out of easy slumbers and 'accounts with God and man daily squared up;' and a cheerfulness engendered by the society of the young. These make old age seem 'as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly.'‡ And because these are of rare occurrence, rare likewise are longevity and centenarianism. Certainly prolonged life can hardly be found apart from most or all of these favourable circumstances. The reparative power, for instance, what an influence it exerts over life and vigour! The easy temperament, how many anxieties does it throw off, as a waterproof does the rain shower! And the gift of keeping up an interest in younger generations, and retaining a pleasure in youth and its doings, how vast a talisman is this against the inroads of age, how well it masks the mown ranks of old comrades with bright figures of their sons and sons' sons in the foreground! Lord Lytton, in '*What will he do with it?*' makes Colonel Morley place the secret of 'being through life up to the height of your century consist in living habitually while young with persons older, and when old with persons younger than

* Bailey gives, among very many other instances, those of Robert Anderson, a maltster; W. Riddell, a hard-drinking smuggler; and George Kirton, Esq., a soaking, fox-hunting squire of the last century, as men of intemperate habits and proclivities, who lived to a hundred years and more. It is but fair, however, to add that the probabilities are 4 to 1 in favour of sobriety. — Sinclair, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 189.

† Finlason's Tables quoted by Bailey, '*Records of Longevity*,' p. 51.

* '*Notes and Queries*,' 1st Series, vol. v. 390. The reference to the '*Quarterly Review*,' just below, is vol. xix. 301.

† Sinclair's '*Code of Health*,' l. 49.

‡ '*As You Like It*,' act ii. sc. 3.

yourself: '* and Marshal de Schombergh, who was killed, young and active at 83, in the Battle of the Boyne, was wont to say, that 'when he was young he conversed with old men to gain experience, and when old, delighted in the company of the young to keep up his spirits.'

And this secret of wearing our years lightly affords us an easy transition to the quaintest of all schemes for prolonging life, that of the German physician Cohausen in his '*Hermippus Redivivus*.' † On the basis of a votive tablet dedicated to *Æsculapius* and Health by one *Clodius Hermippus*, on the score of having reached his 115th year, '*puellarum anhelitu*,' or as others read, '*puerorum halitu*,' this singular writer builds a theory, which a perusal of the work will show to be clear of all guile, that the tabernacle of man's body may be repaired constantly up to very advanced age by the nourishment to the lamp of life derivable from breathing the breath of the young.

In this curious treatise abundant learning is salted with no little humour. The plan of an *Hermippean* college, where old and young are to play '*Blindman's Buff*,' is really a startling anticipation of an early chapter in '*Artemus Ward*.' And if we might credit him with a deeper meaning beneath his paradox, the author of '*Hermippus Redivivus*' might claim to have explored the most attractive of human secrets. For when he interprets the fable of *Apollonius* about '*apes in Mount Caucasus which feed on pepper, and are eaten by old lions to renew their youth and strength*' as an '*allegory importing that ambitious spirits wear out the bodies they animate unless they are frequently unbent in the society of humorous and diverting people, he is not far from the truth*. There is this germ of it in his lucubrations, that they make the secret of perennial youth consist in cultivating the society of the young, and in not shutting ourselves up in declining years with our cares, and fears, and sorrows, or with no other companions, save the similarly aged and care-oppressed. Anyhow, they catch a nearer glimpse of truth than any of the so-called adepts and nostrum-mongers. *Friar Bacon*, ‡ for example, a great man in his age, propounded a life-elixir, which, divested of its enigmatical language, was a mixture of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, *lignum aloes*, *the bone of a stag's heart*, and a still more mysterious extract 'out of the

mine of the noblest animal.' In excuse for the *Friar* may be pleaded not only the admixture of superstition with all the wisdom of his epoch, but his obligation to feed the curiosity of an exacting patron.

But even his great namesake in a later age was scarcely less credulous. He was not altogether without faith in the virtues of '*aurum potable*,' † that golden oyle, a medicine most marvelous to preserve men's health, which an old Sicilian ploughman mistook for the dew of heaven, and after drinking of it, was renewed in spirit, body, and wisdom, for another eighty years. Lord Verulam, indeed, had a stronger belief in opiates and nitre *—specifics, it may be, less innocent than the *Friar's*. The nostrum of *Paracelsus*, whatever it was, did not prevent him from dying of a fever at the age of forty-eight. And probably there was no greater virtue in the method of securing rejuvenescency of *Arnoldus de Villa*, a French physician of the thirteenth century, which was revised by *Eugenius Philalethes*, alias *Thomas Vaughan*, 'the clearest of hermetical philosophers,' or perhaps, the prince of charlatans, who was born in 1612. These worthies prescribed a diet of pullets fattened on vipers, which, after being whipped, were to be beheaded and bethailed, and boiled gently in a pot of rosemary, fennel, &c. A confection was to follow, so richly compounded of emeralds, rubies, red and white corals, &c., that our modern belles would prefer to forego length of days if they could have the precious stones undissolved. ‡ It is a curious feature in the accounts of such adepts as this *Vaughan*, whom his fraternity believed to be still alive in 1771, that their collateral gift of transmuting baser metals into gold rendered them a mark for the secret ambush of needy adventurers. And so their vaunted immortality may have been no more than a quiet putting under the turf, with throats cut and pockets rifled.

But after the fullest survey of the possibility and means of prolonging life, one main question will present itself, the Roman satirist's inquiry, '*Longa dies igitur quid contulit?*' † Why all this coil about a few extra years of profitless labour and sorrow? The graphic picture of *Juvenal* is quite borne out by daily experience. We are not sure that 'the short and simple annals of the poor' do not illustrate the case even more pathetically than the tragic sorrows of

* 'What will he do with it?' b. vii. xxii.

† Or, 'The Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave.' It was published at Frankfurt in 1742, and translated into English by Campbell, in 1749.

‡ See *Sinclair's 'Code*, vol. iv. p. 13. *Mackenzie's 'History of Health*, p. 207.

* *Sinclair's 'Code*, iv. 167. *Mackenzie*, p. 209.

† 'Long Lives, &c. with the Rare Secret of Rejuvenescency of *Arnoldus de Villa Nova*,' by *Eugenius Philalethes*, F. R. S. 1772. '*Hermippus Redivivus*,' pp. 162-5.

‡ *Juv. Sat.* x. 205.

a Priam or a Hecuba. What can go to the heart more surely than the reply of old Mary Campbell to Sir John Sinclair,* who asked her if she desired to live any longer: 'Not an hour! not an hour!' or than the misgiving of the age-worn woman, cited by Southey in his 'Common-place Book,' 'lest God in letting her remain so long upon earth might actually have forgotten her?' How few men would care to live their time over again! How many men's experience finds an echo in the noble but saddening lines of Dryden!

'When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, We shall be
blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years
again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And, from the dregs of life, think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not
give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chimick gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when
old.'†

What statistics can warn against coveting excessive length of life more plainly than those which tell us that 'above half the people over eighty years of age are totally infirm in body and mind, with teeth almost uniformly decayed.'‡ To have outlived old friends, to have no heart to form new connections, to know oneself solitary, to fear lest one should become querulous, these are one or two of the drawbacks to the much-coveted additional 'lustra' at the end of life. No! in a literal sense there is nothing enviable in extreme length of days, although the inborn yearning and clinging to life may find its satisfaction indirectly. Mistakes of father for son, and *vice versa*, have ere now led to one or other of them getting the credit of a fabulous old age. To extract truth out of error, a father's life may be continued 'nullo intervallo' in his son's if the son treads in his sire's steps, and the sire's example has been good and true. In this sense a father may live beyond the age of Arganthonius or old Parr. While he remains, he will not be *de trop*; when he retires, he will leave another self to reap the love and honour which he won for their

common name. Nor is this form of 'days long in the land' really limited to those who have families. Example is transmissive. 'No man liveth to himself.' Successive runners hand over the lamp of life, and each, living his own life well, may train another to take up its thread of good works where it breaks off for himself. As Horace felt, *

'Non omnis moriar multaque pars mei
Vitat Libitinam.'

So without canvassing for applause by clap-trap or artifice, a man may bide his time whether long or short; sure that if, at his demise, the world needs that reminder which wound up every Roman tragedy and comedy, its obliviousness will be referable to his having acted his part so well that his successor has learnt to imitate him to the echo. Such a longevity it is no sin to covet.

THE last "Quarterly" has a striking article upon the "Talmud," of which M. Deutsch, of the British Museum, is understood to be the author. Though every one has probably heard of the Talmud, and knows it to be the repository of the traditions and opinions of the Jewish doctors on the Old Testament Scriptures, and is in little danger of falling into the error of the monk who mistook this book for a person, and gravely quoted the opinion of "Rabbi Talmud," yet comparatively little is known of the work itself. Most people have the notion that it contains nothing but foolish conceits, which it would be alike wearisome and unprofitable to wade through, and are by no means prepared for the much higher estimate of its value which is given in M. Deutsch's paper. This writer anticipates that a better acquaintance with the Talmud will be of very great value in throwing light on the origin of many modern things, especially in the New Testament, maintaining that such terms as "Redemption, Baptism, Grace, Faith, Salvation, Regeneration, Son of Man, Son of God, Kingdom of Heaven, were not invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning." It may be natural for M. Deutsch to exaggerate the importance of the study to which he has devoted himself so much, or the value of the results it is fitted to produce; but there seems no reason to doubt that a better acquaintance with the Talmud will contribute materially to our knowledge in several important departments.

—Sunday Magazine.

* Sinclair's 'Code,' i. 153. Southey's 'Common-place Book,' vol. iii. 774.

† Dryden's 'Aureng-Zebe.'

‡ Sinclair, App. II. 189.

* Horace, Od. III. xxx. 6, 7.

From The Edinburgh Review.

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2. *Essai sur le Système Militaire de Bonaparte.* Par un officier D'Etat-Major Moscovite. London: 1810.
3. *The Campaign of 1812.* By Lieutenant-General the Duke de FEZENSAC. Translated from the French, with an Introductory Notice, by Colonel W. KNOLLYS. London: 1852.

No subjects have created wider differences between critics than the military genius and system of Napoleon. To some few of those who have considered them, the admiration usually lavished upon them appears fulsome and indiscriminate. This section (of whom the late General Mitchell is the type) regard the French Emperor as nothing more than a bold and unscrupulous adventurer, seizing the reins of power by political intrigue, and then using his authority to collect and throw into the field unheard-of masses of men, to whose numbers and courage, opposed to feeble adversaries, his long train of imperial conquest was due. Such men balance Acre against Toulon, Aspern against Austerlitz, Leipzig and Waterloo against Friedland and Wagram; and confident in the fact that they find weaknesses and flaws in the object pressed on them as perfect, refuse to recognise any strength or brilliancy in it. A far larger class there is (we speak with all respect of a class which has Thiers for its representative and Napier in its ranks) who err almost equally in the opposite direction. To these Napoleon, regarded simply as a general, appears faultless. His administrative arrangements only failed by lack of care in others; his strategy never erred; his tactics were to the last superior to those of his foes. Climate, diplomacy, the deficiencies of his lieutenants, the envy of his allies, even his own want of political judgment and moderation, may have caused his disasters; but they are never to be attributed to want of foresight in his arrangements for the field, or mistaken views of the military events around him. Let any evidence be rejected, and any supposition entertained, rather than believe that he was ever wanting to his army, or his army to its chief.

A third school of critics has of late arisen, who pursue a simpler and more truthful method, the only one worthy a sound writer of military history. This is to lay aside, as far as may be, all prepossession for or against

the man, and look only at what the general did. Take nothing for granted in what, after all, are mere matters of evidence and fact. Accept no one-sided statement from any national historian who rejects what is distasteful in his authorities, and uses only what suits his own theory. Believe not that any man ever lived who, in so dark and uncertain a science as war, had the gift of infallibility. Gather carefully from actual witnesses, high and low, such original material as they offer for the construction of the narrative. This once being safely formed, judge critically and calmly what was the conduct of the chief actor; how far his insight, calmness, personal control over others, and right use of his means were concerned in the result. This plan is that which Clausewitz has pursued with the campaign of 1812, Cathcart with that of 1813, Quinet and Charras, with singular success, in throwing light on the great struggle of Waterloo. The work of the latter has left scarce any thing to be added as regards his special subject, and his untimely death alone prevented his repeating this literary triumph by carrying his researches further back. The fragment lately published of his intended 'Guerre de 1813' shows the same industry and clearness which distinguished his former writings. Had he lived, we may believe he would have laid bare the inner details of the gigantic struggle in Germany with the same thoroughness which had placed him already at the head of all writers who have treated of Napoleon's later campaigns.

For this high class of military history, which aims at truth, and seeks first to know what was done, before delivering judgment on the action, all genuine narratives of eye-witnesses have a peculiar value. Many such narratives have already served to illustrate the history of Napoleon's wars, but there has hitherto been wanting an account by some writer who had held every rank in the Grand Army from the private to the general, had intelligence enough to reason from its details up to its general action, and who could admire the genius of Napoleon, without in any way being identified with the system which he founded. The memoirs of no marshal, chamberlain, or grand equerry meet these conditions. They could be found only in a man who had rank independent of Imperialism, education outside the Lycée, and patriotism superior to party.

Such a man was the Duke de Fezensac, whose death, at a most venerable age, the present Emperor has just noticed in a feeling letter to his family. His 'Military Recollections' will hereafter occupy a high place

amongst the contemporary literature of the Napoleonic era. That portion which bears upon the campaign in Russia was published long ago, and seems to have won its way but slowly to general acceptance; for an interval of more than ten years elapsed before the author was emboldened to offer to the world the complete work. There needed not the apology of his modest preface to make it acceptable. The personal details which abound in it do, as he truly says, paint the very manners and spirit of the times. Let us add that they paint the true features of the system of war which the author observed in the midst of it with a force and accuracy, which give this unpretending volume a genuine historical value far above that of the brilliant pages of 'The Consulate and Empire,' which M. de Fezensac, like many other loyal Frenchmen, rates higher than their worth. To tell plainly and without exaggeration or concealment the truth with regard to Napoleon's method of war; to show how great it was on some fit occasions, how full of shortcomings it proved when overstrained; to trace the effect of its deficiencies in the vain efforts of the great conqueror to stem the European tide when it once turned full against him; to do all this with the spirit of a keen-eyed observer, yet of an honest soldier of France, is no trifling task to have accomplished. Moreover, M. de Fezensac has taken pains to throw his personal Memoirs into an historical form by adding here and there outlines of the general course of events connected with the war; yet he has carefully distinguished between what he saw and what he only gives from report. Where he differs broadly from the usual authorities as to the actual working of Napoleon's army, he does so in the most modest way, and gives good reason for his own sounder opinion. In short, the reader who visits under his guidance the camp of Boulogne, follows him thence through the brilliant strategy of 1805, 1806, and 1807 in Germany and Poland, passes on with him to Napoleon's own brief personal campaign in Spain in 1808, and later makes the disastrous campaigns of 1812 and 1813 in his company, will know more of what the warriors of the Grand Army really were and did, at these successive periods, than could be learnt by a lifelong study of popular French works on the subject. M. de Fezensac does not indeed pretend to tell us what went on in the German and Russian camps during epochs so glorious and so fatal to the pride of France. In this he shows no special ignorance, but much superior honesty to historians of the 'Victoires' class, who take no trouble to search any records

but those of their own nation, and to those who, like M. Thiers, never use any records, save when they seem to corroborate their own prepossessions. The campaigns above mentioned do not include all the service which the author saw, but special circumstances prevented his keeping personal notes of the gigantic struggle between Napoleon and the Archduke Charles in 1809; and although he witnessed the great events of Eckmühl, Aspern, and Wagram, he modestly mentions his omission to record them, and dismisses them in a page. Through the other portions of his narrative we now purpose to follow him, not with the intent to rewrite the story of well-known marches and battles, but to show how much the popular histories which delight the worshippers of Napoleon lack a reality to be found in the observations of one single-hearted individual of his million soldiers.

The book opens with the camp at Boulogne, where the author, then a youth of twenty, went to join his regiment. He was already too old for a military college; for his parents had long withheld their consent to his entering the army of one whom they, as members of the old French aristocracy, regarded as a low-born usurper. 'Like all the young fellows,' he first thought of the cavalry; but a friend of the family, who commanded the 59th Regiment of the line, persuaded him to enter under his tutelage into that arm — a step, he assures us, never afterwards repented of. In the capacity of a private soldier, therefore, he first became acquainted with the vast machine by which Napoleon's busy brain was preparing to intimidate England in the first place, and, when this failed, to strike Germany prostrate. 'If I consulted only my attachment to you and to your family,' said his friend Colonel Lacuée, 'I would make you my secretary and keep you personally about me. But for the sake of your own career, you must learn to know those whom you will one day command; and the way to do that is to live among them.' *'By doing this,'* he added, *'you will learn to know their virtues; otherwise you will only know their vices.'* The author italicises these words, as implying that he considers them the key to the whole relation between officers and men. Such was, at any rate, the creed of the republican soldiers who furnished Napoleon with his materials, of whom Colonel Lacuée was a fair specimen. A favourite at one time with the First Consul, he had shown, in common with a vast number of the higher officers, a sympathy with Moreau which the new ruler

of France could not brook. One must look deeply into the history of the time to understand how widely this feeling of sympathy extended through the ranks of the army, and how bitterly Napoleon resented all manifestation of military respect and of personal regard towards the great general who more than rivalled him (according to the candid statement of his own favourite, Dumas) in its affections.

Lecourbe in exile, Dessoles pining in neglect, Richepanse sacrificed in an obscure expedition in the tropics, testified to the animosity with which he pursued the more distinguished members of Moreau's staff. Lesser men felt it only in a less degree; and Colonel Lacuée, having among them shown an interest in the fallen general, was dismissed from snug employment on the staff, and ordered to take the command of a regiment which Napoleon told him, as he left, was one of the worst in the army, and which from its ill appearance had gained the sobriquet of the Royal Tatters (*Royal Décousu*). The 59th had had for their last colonel an officer who did not scruple to embezzle from the regimental chest; a fact the author mentions as though it were no extraordinary occurrence in that *ci-devant* republican army, of whose severe purity much has been written. Lacuée was at least a gentleman, though ignorant, it seems, of the duties assigned to him as the head of a regiment. He had contented himself with acquiring the power of manœuvring his battalions and enforcing discipline, leaving in the hands of the quartermaster the more vulgar care of improving the ill condition of the clothing which had made the regiment so notorious. This good colonel, with his aristocratic habits and republican theories, was of a disposition superior to the troops he commanded, and his rough subordinates hardly understood him, though they learnt to like him. M. de Fezensac has traced the lineaments of his character with a loving hand, and leaves them as clearly drawn in these opening pages as though he sought to tempt some future novelist with a ready-made hero.

Handed over by Lacuée after a few days' holiday to the captain of his company, the young aspirant began his new life by laughing at the eccentricity of his uniform, a compromise between the stiff republican garb of the expiring age and the imperial extravagance of the future. From a full description of this dress, with its three-cornered hat, black gaiters, and long powdered hair, we pass to an admirable account of the life of the camp at Boulogne, as seen in the winter

of 1804-5. Here he at once digresses, to show us how different practice is from theory, even in the most elaborately formed army. We hear of regulations which, as in certain other services, exist only to be broken. Of these infractions the most striking (for an army constituted as the French up to that time had been) related to the sergeants, those important links between the officers and their men. The rule was that they should live among the latter; the practice was that they had a separate hut to themselves in each company. 'This arrangement,' says the author, 'had its good and its bad side. The sergeants being separated from the soldiers, could not exercise so active a watch over them. During my apprenticeship as private and corporal, I saw many things escape them. But they were the more respected for being the less often seen, and I believe, to speak decidedly, that this is the more important matter.' Theorists who would construct an ideal army upon the model of some French or Prussian Book of Regulation may here learn how little mere written rules may signify when they conflict with the spirit and habits of the service. Those who have judged the separation enforced in our own army between non-commissioned officers and men to be the mere product of aristocratic prejudice may find their lesson and reproof in this disinterested opinion.

Placed as M. de Fezensac was for the next few weeks in the position of a private soldier, it is interesting to see how far a young man of fortune, seeking promotion through the ranks of Napoleon's army, had to submit to real hardships, and in what his lot differed from that of the ordinary recruit. In some matters, it seems from the details afforded, the French gentleman private was destitute of the special advantages of a Prussian *freiwilliger*, or an Austrian regimental cadet. He ate, sat, and slept with the other privates, could occupy no separate lodging, employ no recognised servant from among his comrades, nor escape being nominally detailed by his sergeants for the most repulsive duties of the camp. On the other hand, when closely looked at, his service as a private was little different from that required of the young German noble, except in the matter of his enforced companionship with those of a different class of life. His comrades paid him to the full the respect due to one who, in their soldier's phrase, 'had a louis a day to eat of his own,' and could give a dinner to forty of them at a time. For a few sous any one of them would take his turn at sweeping and cook-

ing. The hairdresser of the company connived at his avoiding the growth of the obnoxious and antiquated cue. The corporal who placed him on the only turn of sentinel duty that was ever allotted him connived at his quitting his post before the proper time for relief. In fine, if brought further from the level of his personal rank for a few weeks, he had the advantage over the volunteer private of other armies in the quick promotion which rewarded his endurance. Having only left Paris in the month of September, he gained his first step of corporal on the 18th of October. Of this he frankly tells us he proved hardly worthy, receiving various reprimands for his irregularity in his new duties, to which it was possibly owing that he was allowed to continue in this rank until midwinter, finding his life, still spent among the men, at times intolerably irksome. Ordered to go in January with a guard detachment on board one of the gunboats which Nelson kept imprisoned in Etaples harbour, he murmured openly to his friend the colonel, and finding no comfort in the cool reply, 'You must learn to be put out,' went off in sad humour with his new duty, which was to last a month. Lacuée was, however, merely testing his patience by this service, and on the fifth day he was summoned back to camp on promotion to the rank of sergeant, a step which raised him out of immediate contact with the rough privates with whom he had now been for four months herded. None of these, it would seem, showed any jealousy of the elevation of their aristocratic messmate, for birth, wealth, and education had become as sure passports to promotion in the army of the Consulate as in that of the most ancient monarchies. Two months had not passed over the new sergeant's head when he was brought before the colonel, charged with a dereliction of duty; but his supposed offence being shown to be but an ordinary practice, though irregular enough, the colour-sergeant (or company sergeant-major, according to French grade) was broken for not reporting it, and the cause of his disgrace promoted in his stead. At six months' service young de Fezensac thus found himself in a position which gave him practical charge of a company, and which was, as it still is, the recognised stepping-stone of the deserving soldier to a commission.

The sergeant-major of that day differed little from the subaltern in social condition. The officers had all passed through this rank, and all who now held it were entitled, if qualified, to look for the epaulette of a sub-

lieutenant in their turn. Many, however, were not thus classed, for a certain degree of education and some small means were in practice necessary for further promotion. As this last qualification sounds like an anomaly in a service where merit was vulgarly thought the sole road to advancement, the autobiographer has taken pains to explain his mention of it. It seems that in those days the captain of the company left to his sergeant-major the charge of the accounts, subject only to a quarterly settlement; and as the pay of the latter was actually insufficient for his wants, it followed that, if he could not eke it out by other means, he usually had recourse to petty dishonesty. Where this was exercised only against the Government, it was very lightly regarded. The captains only said they should be glad to know of the little resources which their accountants managed to get hold of. The soldiers were well aware when their pay for days of absence or sickness was charged to the public, and had their professional jest ready; 'The sergeant-major's arithmetic — put down nought and carry nine:;' but this indulgence by no means extended to the plunder of individuals; and a case of unfair stoppages from a conscript would ruin the author of it, if detected. Always ready, as M. de Fezensac more than once tells us, to suspect everyone of cheating them, from their Minister of War down to the sergeant-major, they watched narrowly to see that no advantage was taken by him of themselves; and, moreover, expected for their connivance at his other peculations a forbearance for their own petty impositions on the huxters who served the camp, and their forays on the neighbouring forest for firewood. Napoleon issued most severe orders against this last abuse, the author tells us. Such was his characteristic way of dealing with the like difficulties, and it answered to some extent when the army was under his own eye; but these explanations help us to understand how in after years the bonds of discipline snapped under the test of service in Russia. His successor has taken the more rational mode of paying the soldier fairly, and, as M. de Fezensac remarks, has a right to be more strict.

Very coarse and bare was the soldier's life here depicted, with its mixed good-humour, grumbling, and dishonesty; its wearisome evenings, spent in bed for lack of candle; its cold dark mornings, enlivened only by the chance of a glass of brandy and a roll. Yet the reader looks naturally to the camp of Boulogne with respect,

as the nursery of the Grand Army which carried its eagles from Madrid to Moscow. Surely we may assume that the professional aspect of the gathering was always kept in sight, and that the military spirit was here developed at least as high as a time of peace can allow. Those writers can hardly be wrong who, in unvarying chorus, ascribe the success which followed, to the vast pains with which Napoleon's staff used the camp to improve the tactics bequeathed by the revolutionary wars. That here the weapon was truly forged before which no other army could stand, has been asserted in plain terms by French writers of authority, from Marshal Marmont down to Baron Ambert. We ourselves were recently led to adopt the same language, by no less an authority than that of General Trochu and the Duc d'Aumale. But M. de Fezensac's personal experience led him to take a totally different view of the Boulogne army; and as he dissents in the broadest terms from the class of authors just cited, we quote his evidence entire, that the reader may judge what the general assertions are worth which have long misled the world:—

'The Camp of Boulogne, of which that of Montreuil (held by Ney's corps, in which the author served) formed the left, has left deep memories in our history of that age. The advantage of gathering troops into camps of instruction is known to all military men. To that of Boulogne is attributed the honour of the successes which we gained in the following campaigns, and we are supposed to have been always occupied with manœuvres, military works, and exercises of all kinds. I shall astonish my readers, therefore, by telling them how very little, at the Camp of Montreuil, our chiefs occupied themselves with instructing us, how ill they profited by this precious time. Marshal Ney commanded two grand field-days in the autumn of 1804, and as many in 1805; I was present at them as private soldier first, and then as officer. There was a general upsetting and excessive fatigue. We started before daybreak after taking our soup, and did not get back till night, having had nothing during the day but a dram of brandy. General Malher, who succeeded Partonneaux in command of the division, hardly brought it together three times, and handled it then very badly. Brigade drill there was none, for the Brigadier did not even come to the camp. Each colonel taught his regiment in his own fashion. There was some slight theoretical instruction and drilling of conscripts, and in the spring the non-commissioned officers had all to go through their drill afresh, beginning with "the extension motion." . . . This instruction was carried up to battalion-drill, but the regiment was rarely manœuvred in line.

There were a few marchings out for a short single day's stage, and some target practice without any method; but no skirmishing, nor bayonet, nor fencing exercise. No field-works were thrown up, nor was any officer employed in any kind of instruction. Regimental schools might easily have been established, but no one had thought of them in those days. It was better to get drunk when one had money, and to sleep when one had none. The other regiments did no more. . . . At the beginning of March each company was allotted a small garden to cultivate; but at this the men grumbled, such charms had idleness. Soldiers are like children; it is necessary to do them good against their own will.

'What, then, were all these young men about at times when not under exercise, nor cleaning their arms and persons? Nothing at all, I may safely say. To sleep a part of the day after having slept all night, to sing songs, tell stories, quarrel sometimes without knowing why, and read such few bad books as were procurable. Such were the daily lives of sergeants as well as men, of officers as well as sergeants. Yet, on the whole, their morals were not so bad as might be supposed.'

If any of the recruits of that day had been brought up in those religious habits which the Revolution had, for the most part, banished from France, they found little encouragement for their devotions at the camp. No mass was celebrated for Napoleon's troops, except when they chanced to be quartered in towns. 'I do not want a bigoted army,' M. de Fezensac quotes as a saying of the Emperor, who had abundant cause to be satisfied on this head. He adds his own opinion, that the moral tone of the whole service was lowered by this omission of customary religious observance.

In thus exposing the waste by Napoleon and his lieutenants of their opportunities at Boulogne, the critic is careful to point out how far this great assemblage was practically useful. Two chief advantages were obtained by it. In the first place, the rough life of the camp, devoid alike of comfort or diversion, prepared all ranks for those inconveniences of the campaign which they were soon to taste to the full. They often found the night bivouac of the next winter more endurable than the huts of Boulogne. A more important use of their training lay in the gain to all ranks from their knowledge of those with whom they were to be associated in the rough trials of war. To the staff and superior officers this was especially valuable. Marshal Ney, the author instances, was thus enabled throughout the coming operations to confine his attention to the points that required it, knowing exactly

which of his subalterns might be trusted to take care of themselves. Moreover, there was a high military spirit in certain regiments which had done great services in the revolutionary campaigns, and this spread by emulation amongst those brigaded with them, who longed for like opportunities of winning the respect of the army. On the whole, therefore, despite the grievous shortcomings he lays bare, M. de Fezensac judges the camp life to have contributed much to the success which followed it.

If he is severe on the mistakes and omissions of his seniors, he is not less plainspoken as to his own faults. Although at first proud of his advancement to sergeant-major, he was disgusted to find his new rank laden with liabilities beyond his means, due to his predecessor's carelessness or dishonesty, and he soon got so out of heart with his duties as to neglect them openly, and incur a reprimand. At this juncture, happily for the prospects of the young soldier, a vacancy occurred as sub-lieutenant. It was one of the steps still reserved for election, in accordance with the practice of the old Republican army, soon afterwards abolished. The choice lay, in the first place, with the sub-lieutenants of the corps, who presented three names to the lieutenants, and the latter selected one of the three for the step. The popular notions of the French service of that era would picture such an election as the very model of rude honour and martial integrity. In this case the aristocratic candidate had the special disadvantages of his recent known carelessness, and of considerable jealousy on the part of the subalterns at his rapid progress from the ranks. Some of them also had personal friends, men who had seen hard service, among his competitors. Against this, however, was the simple fact that young de Fezensac had not yet lost his colonel's favour, and that it was known that Lacuée desired him to receive his step by election, as more honourable than to wait for a vacancy. The desire of pleasing the commanding officer outweighed merit, service, and friendship, and the choice fell on the young Parisian lounge of eight months before, rather than on either of the veterans of Marengo, who were the other competitors. Before the imperial confirmation could be obtained, the sub-lieutenant elect was startled by a decree — aimed at such families as his own, whose sons avoided the military schools of the Empire — requiring four years' service in every non-commissioned officer promoted. Happily for de Fezensac the imminence of continental war rescued him from this new difficulty, and after a few weeks' delay, he re-

ceived a provisional commission, which was never revoked.

This was on the 2nd July, 1805, a day unfortunate at its close in our hero's annals. One of the sham embarkations, which were still practised, was to take place next day, and brought some guests into the huts of the 59th. This double fête was too much for the newly-made officer, who signalled his promotion by getting drunk, and by using insubordinate language to the captain of police, thus drawing on himself the colonel's displeasure, and a close arrest for a fortnight. A chief part of this childish punishment (for such in our service it would be regarded) was the fee to the sentry stationed at the door, who received a perquisite of three francs a day for his extra duty. No friends were nominally to be received by the culprit; but as two brother-subalterns shared his hut, he had the full advantage of their guests, if his leisure proved wearisome. No discipline in fact could be less effectual than this sort of compromise between the severity of a court-martial and the minor penalties inflicted on the rank and file, for one of the other subalterns is in the same page described as under a succession of these arrests half his time, behaving in fact very much as an ill-conditioned cadet of seventeen at Sandhurst or St. Cyr. M. de Fezensac felt the inconvenience little, but the displeasure of his colonel much, until a frank avowal of contrition to the latter, with a confession to his parents of his sorrow at having offended so good a friend, restored him to the favour which he afterwards took more care to deserve.

The ideas and customs of his brother-officers were found by the new subaltern to be in no way superior to those of the class he had now left. All had seen service; very few had had a decent education, and fewer still had used their leisure to improve it. 'Their manners were vulgar,' he tells us, 'their politeness the politeness of the soldier.' For this the reader may very possibly have been prepared; but it is more startling to learn how rarely such men rose to any eminence in their profession, notwithstanding the constant succession of wars in which their master engaged. Of all the long list of officers on the strength of the 59th when de Fezensac entered it, but one became a general, and the most distinguished soldier of them all never was more than colonel of a light infantry regiment. Such must of necessity be the lot of ordinary men in any service where promotion goes chiefly by selection, and that selection depends wholly on a superior's will. Where one man is ad-

vanced by sole discernment of his merits, a dozen others will owe the like advantage to some personal acquaintance with those near the fountain of power. The interest which as we shall see, pushed de Fezensac himself, from his first commission to the rank of general of brigade in eight years, like that which in as many months had passed him on from the recruit-squad to the officer's epaulette, could only be exercised at the cost of men less known, and probably less fitted for high rank.

The summer of 1805 was passed by the soldiers of Boulogne in wondering whether the evolutions practised by the troops and flotilla were but a feint or seriously designed to lead to an embarkation. Some of de Fezensac's brother-subalterns prophesied a speedy conquest of the insolent islanders; some declared the whole a ruse of the Emperor's prelude to a sudden attack on Germany; none feared any event so much as another winter passed in the same dreary purposeless existence as the last. Neither section of these military prophets was wholly wrong or right. Napoleon's own correspondence has fully revealed the real truth to be, that the invasion was his first and darling object, and was abandoned only when he found his admirals fail utterly in their share of the task. On the 26th August, it was known in the camp that Villeneuve had gone back to Cadiz, leaving the English fleet in undisturbed possession of the Channel. 'Happily,' as our author with a soldier's naïveté says, 'the new Coalition permitted Napoleon to substitute for the expedition, so often and so vainly announced, a general European war.' On the 1st September, the three divisions of Marshal Ney were on their march for Strasbourg, and with them moved the new-made subaltern. His provisional commission had never been confirmed by the Minister of War; but on this point he now felt easy, feeling that rank was more likely to be won than withdrawn on actual service. Burdened with nothing but his sword, he no longer regretted his choice of the infantry, and trudged gaily along at the side of his platoon. Like his own, the spirit of his comrades ran high, and made the constant onward move seem easy. He bears special testimony to the exceptional order of this three week's march, on which the officers never quitted their companies without a reprimand. He himself incurred an arrest from his major the first day for a brief delay in appearing on parade, a reproof from his captain somewhat later for spending more time over his breakfast than the men, and a

sharp remonstrance from his colonel for over-politeness to a fatigued vivandière, which threatened to cost him his promised trip to Paris, where his parents expected to see him for a few hours. Once more Lacuée proved kinder in action than in word to his young *protégé*, and the desired permission to quit the regiment for a brief space being granted, the young soldier posted rapidly the necessary hundred miles, embraced his family, took one brief glance at those joys of Parisian existence on which he had often looked back regretfully during the past year, and then turned his face once more to the Rhine. Borne back to his regiment with all the speed the post would allow, de Fezensac contrived to miss the outfit which kind hands had despatched beforehand by the diligence, and with a borrowed sword and borrowed epaulette, passed the great frontier stream on the 27th September, near Lauterburg, and plunged with his regiment into the defiles of the Black Forest beyond, a unit in the legions which were to tear the crown of the Western Empire from the House of Hapsburg.

We are not about to follow the author through his narrative of the great events which led to the shameful disaster of Mack at Ulm. They have but recently been illustrated with marvellous freshness in the well-known work of Colonel Hamley, who has so clearly analysed the strategy of Napoleon's design as to make the stupendous events of that October as plain as they can be, regarded from the victor's side alone. Those who would understand them in their strictly German aspect, and know the details of the miserable delusions and vacillations which ruined the Austrian theorist, must go to the exhaustive work of Rüstow on this campaign, which is as remarkable for its industry as for its general impartiality. We have another task here specially before us, which is to show from unexceptionable testimony how little to be relied on was the so-called system by which Napoleon supplied his army in such movements. In this the first week of its first campaign, fresh from camp discipline, full of patriotic spirit and confidence in its great head, scarce clear of the borders of its own fair land, the Grand Army is found, upon the first difficulty it had to encounter, resolving itself into a host of armed and violent marauders. We give M. de Fezensac's account of the affair in his own words, the simple force of which it would be difficult to improve.

'On the evening of the 5th, before reaching Geislingen, our division turned to the left to

follow the movement of the other corps towards the Lower Danube. We marched through the whole of the night and the day following, with only a few moments for rest, and without any food. The Emperor had ordered that the soldiers should carry bread for four days, and that the waggons should have four more days' rations of biscuit. I do not know what happened in the other corps. *As for us, we had nothing*, and as the 59th marched in the rear, according to its number, it was nightfall when we got to our bivouac near Giengen, the town where General Malher, our division commander, had his quarters. The colonel reported to him the arrival of the regiment after their six and thirty hours' march, and asked permission to make a requisition for rations. The general refused, having promised to spare the town; but the result was to authorise every sort of disorder, for the villages around were sacked, and the first day of bivouac became the first day of pillage. The colonel, almost famishing himself, found some grenadiers roasting a pig. His appearance at first caused some confusion, but a moment later one of the privates, more bold than his fellows, offered him a share of the repast, which was heartily accepted, and pillage thus became officially sanctioned.

Thus initiated into the new system of 'making war with the legs,' Colonel Lacuée pressed his regiment on to the Danube, and fell at the passage of the bridge of Gunzburg three days later, the first officer of rank the French lost in the campaign.

M. de Fezensac, who came up with the reserve of the 59th after the first part of the fight, takes the opportunity of recounting this his first action to point out, by the simple process of telling the exact truth, how woefully short of the language of bulletins and despatches was the conduct and discipline of his regiment.

'This day did our regiment much honour; but to speak the truth, I do not think the enemy's attacks had been very severe. I found the officers agitated and restless, occupying themselves with encouraging the soldiers, and trying to restore order; for the companies had become mixed, having, as I said, passed the bridge singly, and on getting to the plain beyond, received the enemy without having time to throw themselves into proper order for defence. I am persuaded that there was a moment when a bayonet attack and a charge of cavalry on our flank could have thrown us back, and forced us into the Danube. In this situation the two reserve companies ought to have been of great value; but the captains, in their hurry to get to the field of battle, would not take time to form them after passing the bridge, and the regiment involved them in its disorder. Happily darkness was falling, and the Austrians

were ignorant of our little strength. Nevertheless we passed the night under arms, and did not venture to make fires.'

During the night M. de Fezensac learnt that he had lost his kind friend and colonel, whose last words to an officer who caught him as he fell were to 'leave him, and go back to the fight.' Very different stories were heard by the young subaltern of other regimental acquaintances, new to the proof of war.

'One sergeant whom I knew (afterwards a good officer, and killed in action) hid himself, nor was he the only one. Each company had a similar anecdote to relate. These night affairs are very convenient. You may lose yourself in the wood, or tumble into the brook at your pleasure. I have had occasion throughout my military career to admire the skill of men who are always missing at the moment of danger, but never so as to be compromised by their absence.'

The narrative of the surrender of Ulm which follows is worth studying for its own sake, and for its vivid picture of a well-known difference between Ney and Murat, which ended in the former publicly challenging the other, before Napoleon and the imperial staff, to follow him under fire. This, too, was when all was going well with the Grand Army. A less prescient mind than Napoleon's might have foreseen in such disputes at critical moments the germs of disaster in after days, when the tide of fortune should turn against the commanders whose jealousies their master's presence could hardly restrain.

M. de Fezensac has not failed to record his opinion, very different from that usually accepted, of the system which in this instance placed 30,000 prisoners at a stroke in the hands of the Grand Army. We quote, with some omissions, his comments on the means which led to this success, reminding our readers that it is no holiday soldier who thus speaks:—

'This short campaign was, as it were, an epitome of those that followed. Excess of fatigue, want of provisions, severity of weather, disorders and marauding, nothing was wanting to it; and in that month I first felt what I was destined to experience throughout my career. Brigades, and even regiments, being sometimes dispersed [for subsistence' sake, the author means,] the order for concentration would come late, having to pass through a number of different channels. From this it followed that the men had to march day and night, falling asleep on their way, and arrived at

the place assigned without having eaten anything, or finding any victuals there. Marshal Berthier used to write, "*In the war of invasion that the Emperor is making, there are no magazines. It is for the generals to find their own means of subsistence in the country that they traverse.*"

But the generals had neither time nor means to procure regularly the wherewithal to feed so numerous an army. Pillage, therefore, became authorised, and the districts which we passed through suffered cruelly, yet we were not the less furnished throughout the campaign. . . . Bad weather made our sufferings still more severe. A cold rain fell, or rather a half-melted snow, in which we plunged deep, while the wind prevented our lighting fires. On the 16th October, the day when Philip Ségur bore the first summons to Mack, the weather was so frightful that no one kept his post. There was no grand guard or sentry, the very artillery was left unwatched, and each man sheltered himself as best he could. I never, except in the campaign of Russia, suffered so much, never saw the army in the like disorder.*

Is all this fairly written in the histories of the great campaign round Ulm? The French writers slight it; * the more accurate Germans, as Rüstow, fail to correct them in a matter exclusively French. As far as we are aware, they would have been universally slurred over, but for the following notice, which shows that true history has in this respect submitted to be blinded in her gaze by the sun of Napoleon's genius, and has actually gone back in truth since the publication in the year 1810 of the Russian pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article. There the actual truth is told, as now vividly reproduced by M. de Fezensac. The author appears to have been on the staff of Kutusoff in 1805, or to have had his information direct from those that were:—

'To surround Ulm it was necessary to concentrate. Numerous columns defiled upon the same road, appeared at the same point. 100,000 men, fatigued by long marches, destitute of provisions, come to take up a position which grows more and more confined. They are now no more allowed to straggle from their post, for then the whole enterprise would fail. What a critical moment! The resources of the country occupied by this mass are consumed in an hour.

* The bad weather is mentioned by the various French writers and their followers; but no reference is made by them to the starvation which it accompanied. Dumas, indeed, expressly says that Marmont's men suffered from the weight of the rations they had to carry. As Marmont's corps came in by a separate route through a plain country, it is quite possible that it escaped the destitution which the rest of the army, crossing the Black Forest and Suabian Alps in succession, naturally experienced.

'To enhance the difficulty, the heavens seem to dissolve. A heavy rain, continuing for many days, floods the country. The streams burst their banks. The roads are frightful, and in more than one place altogether disappear. The army marches in mud, and bivouacs in water; it is ready to perish with misery and hunger; discouragement and murmuring spread through it. What is to be done? A proclamation [of 12th October; see Napo. Corresp.] is read at the head of each column, which praises, flatters, and caresses the army, pours eulogy on its constancy, tells it the enemy is enclosed, and that only a few moments more of perseverance are needed. Thus the soldiers are kept quiet; but as they must have bread, active and intelligent officers are sent through all the neighbouring districts, to obtain it by threats, if requests fail. All yields to the power of requisition, and in twenty-four hours bread is procured, and the horses and vehicles of the inhabitants are used to bring it in. . . . Ulm is invested, blockaded, capitulates, and the French army reap the fruit of its endurance and of its incredible activity.'

The writer of this essay had evidently nearly reached the truth which French military writers have obscured, but which de Fezensac's narrative enables us to grasp. In fact, a general carrying on war on the system which Napoleon adopted clearly does it at tremendous risk. The object to be gained may justify him in a military sense for the time, but on the other hand, an unexpected detention on the way, a week of bad weather, a slight check from the enemy, may ruin the spirits of his army beyond recall. What is more important still to note is this. The system of living by requisition bears within it its own Nemesis in the demoralization which it spreads through all ranks of the army, and in the sure preparation thus made, even in the midst of success, for the day when defeat shall become irreparable disaster. As this is admirably summed up by M. de Fezensac, at the close of the first part of his work, we quote his words, themselves the best condemnation of the popular historians of his country, and the plain proof that the organisation of plunder is, even in the strongest hands, a deception and a blunder:—

'All these causes developed insubordination, want of discipline, and the habit of marauding. When at such a time soldiers went to a village to look for rations, they found themselves tempted to stay there. Thus the number of stragglers wandering through the country became considerable. The inhabitants met with every sort of annoyance from them, and wounded officers who sought to bring them to order

were answered with threats. *All these details are unknown to those who read the history of our campaigns.* There is only to be seen a valiant army of devoted soldiers emulating the glory of their officers. No one knows what sufferings are often the price of the most brilliant successes, nor how examples of selfishness and cowardice are mingled with traits of generosity and courage.

Can those who read this wonder any longer at the utter destruction of the Grand Army in Russia, and the still more marvellous dissolution of the Cohorts of 1813?

Ulm taken, the army pressed on to occupy Vienna, and conquer at Austerlitz; but in these triumphs the corps of Ney had no share, being left to guard Bavaria and keep the Tyrol in check. The peace of Presburg sent the 59th Regiment into four months' cantonments near Salzburg, where the sojourn of de Fezensac himself was extremely agreeable, and was the origin of a lifelong friendship with the Austrian family on whom he was quartered. Why he became thus endeared to his involuntary hosts is clear enough when we recollect that he was a gentleman by birth and feeling, and that the ordinary occupation of his comrades, even in his own friendly colouring, is shown to have been alternately to bully the male inhabitants, and to pay unsought civilities to the females of their respective billets. Two anecdotes out of many are enough to describe the miserable condition of things, of which M. de Fezensac declares that, apart from the troubles connected with the victualling and lodging of the troops, the local authorities were often treated disrespectfully:—

* If a discussion arose, the soldier was always right, and the inhabitant always wrong. A private of the 6th company declared that thirty francs had been stolen from him, and his captain, without any inquiry, ordered that it should be made good. . . . The officers, often too far away, could not stop these abuses; besides the greater part of them gave an example of exaction. If anyone wanted to go anywhere, he required a carriage and horse, but made no payment. An officer of high rank wished to go in this way to Schaffhausen, and was to have four relays ready, from post to post. At one of these he was kept waiting, and by way of punishment, sent twenty-five men extra to be quartered on the village.

To impress the government post service for every kind of private journey seems to have been the universal practice, even with those who, like de Fezensac himself, abstained from and condemned all personal

plunder. It would have been, concludes the writer, with his usual truth and force, better for their discipline to find the soldiers in regular rations than to quarter them individually on the peasants. But these were stripped, whilst the army was left without pay, and even without clothing, in order that the stores in France might be left untouched. Such was that economy of Napoleon's military administration, of which so much praise has been written by certain panegyrists.

From its cantonments in the Hereditary States and Suabia the army at length was moving slowly towards France, when Napoleon halted it, to await the pending rupture and war with Prussia. Meanwhile, de Fezensac's family had not forgotten him; and feeling that his regimental prospects would naturally suffer by the death of Colonel Lacuée, they had made interest at Paris with the friends of various generals high in command to have him transferred to the staff. Refused in more than one quarter, their wish had found favour with Ney; and on the 6th of October, two days before the campaign of Jena began, the sub-lieutenant left his regiment to report himself at the marshal's headquarters in his new capacity of extra aide-de-camp. From this date, until suddenly made colonel of a regiment at Borodino, his service lay wholly with the staff.

M. de Fezensac, at this point, digresses slightly from his narrative to speak of the essential differences which separate the mind and knowledge of the regimental from that of the staff officer. The latter, he says, is often as ignorant of the habits of the soldier and of the details of duty as the former of the purport of the movements he is executing. Hence he concludes that to form a good general officer, or even a good commander of a corps,* a man should have served in both departments. In this view he follows strictly that of Napoleon, who abolished—in name, at least—the practice of promoting officers on the staff from one grade to another, and ordered that a captain, to win rank as a field officer, must return to do duty with a regiment. This rule was but nominal in the case of a man of interest like our writer, who received the rank of major of cavalry for services done as a captain on Berthier's personal staff; but its existence served—as Jomini has particularly noticed—to drive the young men of energy and promise from the staff into the line, and to

* The colonel of a continental regiment, be it remembered, has two, three, or even four battalions to superintend, and his duties in many respects are those which we assign to the head of a brigade.

disorganize what that writer declares to be the soul of a well-ordered army. The system of Napoleon was abandoned by his successors in French military administration, who restored and completed the plan by which the staff is first selected out of, and then kept altogether distinct from, the other services. This reform, the creation of a distinct staff corps, has been supported by writers who, with Jomini, declare that the plan of Napoleon failed to give a sufficient supply of intelligent officers for the higher posts. It has further been adopted in other services, the Austrian especially; and its non-existence in our own has been alleged as a defect by those who fail to see the essential differences of the armies. The effect of the French system is necessarily to draw so strong a line between the staff and the body of the army as to deprive the one of all sympathy with the other, and to take away from the general mass of officers all rational motives for studying the higher branches of their profession. This last result may not matter where most of them are so little educated that they would in vain strive to raise their minds above the petty details of the regiment, nor the former where occupation for a large staff corps can be found in time of peace. With us these conditions are reversed; and to imitate the French in this matter is neither necessary nor expedient, however desirable it may be to avoid the chance method of Napoleon. The new system, which opens to every intelligent young officer in our service the means of obtaining by study a merit and qualification for the staff, and his turn of five years' service in an appointment, seems in every way better suited to our circumstances. It needs but to be thoroughly and impartially applied to give us a supply of instructed soldiers for our future needs at a cost far less than that of the smallest staff corps of supernumerary officers.

In Napoleon's army (as is still the case in our own) all the personal staff of a general was selected from private considerations; and when M. de Fezensac joined that of Marshal Ney before Nuremberg, no one asked if he had even the moderate qualifications of service and knowledge which an aide-de-camp with us must possess. The army was already in motion for Jena, and M. de Fezensac having spent his whole means on a single sorry horse, started with it. During the next few days he had abundant practice in his new duties as messenger, and arrived on the famous field with his marshal early in the day that ruined Prussia, and gave the death-blow to the tactics bequeathed

by Frederic. Here he saw Ney expose his person in the reckless way which earned for him the title of 'the bravest of the brave,' a fashion which on this occasion cost two of his staff wounds got at his side. The subsequent pursuit of the Prussians is ordinarily remembered only for the rapidity with which it was carried on. M. de Fezensac, whilst giving the army full credit for the activity displayed by chiefs and men, shows us another and a darker side of the picture. 'Pillage was never carried further than on this march, and disorder reached the height of insubordination.' On the way the young aide-de-camp was thrown into company with Jomini, then simply a colonel on the staff, yet already a man of mark.* At Nordhausen they were both nearly murdered by soldiers whose excesses they sought to stop, and were only saved by drawing sword and riding through these mutineers; for 'our subordination,' says the author, 'does not rest on bases as solid as that of other armies.' This state of things caused Ney to apply to the Emperor for special powers to arrest and punish the stragglers; but it was checked for the time by the halt of the corps to form the blockade of Magdeburg, whilst the rest of the army completed the pursuit and destruction of the Prussians.

The young aide-de-camp had (as already stated) kept near to his chief on the field of Jena, but, except on that occasion, saw little of him throughout the campaign; for the new-made marshal was terribly afraid of compromising his dignity in the eyes of his staff, the more so, perhaps, as some of them were of the older aristocracy of birth:—

'Marshal Ney kept us at a great distance. During the marches he went on alone in front, and never addressed a word to us, unless obliged. The aide-de-camp in waiting never entered his room, save in the course of duty or by special summons, and it was the rarest of events to see the marshal conversing with any one of us. He ate alone, and never gave an aide-de-camp an invitation. This apparent haughtiness arose from the desire to maintain his position. The transition was sudden from the days of 1796, when Augereau had reproved his officers for allowing themselves to be addressed as *Monsieur*. A few years later the Republican generals of that date had become marshals, dukes, princes. This change embarrassed Ney, who besides had reason sometimes to believe that his elevation made others envious of him; so he thought to make himself respected by the hauteur of his bearing, and sometimes carried it too far.'

* It was before quitting Paris for this campaign that Jomini indicated Jena as the point where the battle decisive of it would probably be fought.

Before leaving the subject of the conquest of Prussia, it should be remarked that this narrative effectually dispels certain common illusions as to the perfection of the details of the system on which the Grand Army worked. One, which Baron Ambert's estimable work has unfortunately propagated and confirmed, relates to the *personnel* of the higher officers. So far from these being invariably the efficient and well-trained leaders they have been represented, in Ney's own corps one of the divisions changed hands three times during the two months; once because the general (Vandamme) was of so proud and violent a temper that he could not brook Ney as his superior, and next because his successor proved so worn out as to be physically and morally unfit for active service, so that the marshal took upon himself the responsibility—a great one for a lieutenant of Napoleon—of dismissing him from his charge. Another relates to the care which these rough practical soldiers gave to the details of their duty. What would Wellington have said had any division commander of the army, during one of his sieges, changed his own quarters three times for considerable distances, without notifying the fact to headquarters? Yet this was done under Ney, during the blockade of Magdeburg, by the general of a dragoon division; and so little was such an irregularity regarded, that when brought by his staff to the marshal's notice, he only shrugged his shoulders, and said, '*What a way to carry on duty!*' As to the internal service of the staff, for which at one time Napoleon got great credit, the truth, as told by M. de Fezensac, enables us to fill up the outline suggested by certain hints of Jomini in his narrative of the subsequent campaign of Poland, which imply that the army then felt deeply the deficiencies which their master discovered too late.

'Long journeys on duty were made in carriages charged at the post rate; but some officers put the money in their pockets, and obtained horses by requisition. This was a bad plan in every view, for apart from the dishonesty, they were ill served, and lost valuable time. As for messages taken on horseback, I have already said that no person took the pains to inquire if we had a horse that could walk, even when it was necessary to go at a gallop, or if we knew the country, or had a map. The order must be executed without waiting for the means, as I shall show in some special instances. This habit of attempting everything with the most feeble instruments, this wish to overlook impossibilities, this unbounded assurance of success, which at first helped to win us

advantages, in the end became our destruction.'

From reflections thus darkened with the shadow of the future, the author carries us forward into Poland, whither Napoleon now transferred the scene of conquest, determined, in his own phrase, 'to win back on land the colonies France had lost.'

Here M. de Fezensac places the turning point of Napoleon's career. The first entrance into Poland brought the French into collision with Benningsen's army; and although the Russians had to retreat after the battle of Pultusk, they did so without disorder or loss, for 'the time of half-successes, of incomplete triumphs, had arrived. Then also began the miseries of the army, the want of forage and provisions, the privations of every kind which I shall afterwards have to detail.' Here the course of duty threw the young aide-de-camp into the company of Bernadotte, with whose courtesy he was much impressed, and whom he suspects, from the excessive interest taken by him in the people of Poland, to have already conceived hopes of an elective throne. Losing his way a few days later in the search for one of Ney's generals (who, like the officer previously mentioned in Prussia, had shifted his quarters without informing the marshal), he fell in again with Jomini, and was directed rightly by that officer, from whom he learnt that the Russians were suddenly advancing. The short winter campaign had begun, which was to end in the desperate encounter of Eylau, the first check that befell the Grand Army and its master.

Who does not know how bloody and indecisive was the struggle of that day? Genius has reflected the whole story in the ghastly picture at the entrance of the Louvre. The idliest traveller turns arrested, in spite of personal insensibility or national coldness, to gaze on the sheet of snow, the burning villages, the agonised group of wounded in the foreground, and above them the pallid stricken face of the man at whose bidding all this misery was wrought, and who felt at that moment (so the artist seems to tell us) some presage of Borodino's useless slaughter, the fires of Moscow, and the ruin that followed. On this occasion Benningsen's firmness was insufficient to maintain the equality his army had asserted, and he slowly withdrew next morning, leaving the ground to the enemy. M. de Fezensac's share in the events of the day was an important one, for he bore to Ney the message which was

to bring his corps to take share in the fight. His horse was already worn out when he got his orders at 8 A.M., and with difficulty could he, being fortunately in funds, buy a restive animal to carry him. He knew nothing of the roads, and had no guide. 'To ask for an escort would have been of no more use than to ask for a horse. An officer had always an excellent horse, knew the country, was never taken, met no accident, and got rapidly to his destination; and of all this there was so little doubt that often a second message was thought unnecessary.' This want of proper precaution was near costing the Emperor dear, for his orders did not reach Ney till 2 P.M.; and his corps only came up at the end of the day. Bernadotte's was wholly absent, and that, as Jomini assures us, solely for want of a good system of messengers. What, then, are we to think of the assertion of M. Thiers (which M. de Fezensac quotes to flatly contradict it as regards Ney) that Napoleon sent off seven officers *the evening before* to press the two missing marshals to come up? What are we to think, may it not be further asked, of the apocryphal messages sent to Grouchy in the Waterloo crisis — messages taken as historical facts by M. Thiers, though their receipt is absolutely denied, and no record of their dispatch exists, save in the *St. Helena Mémoires*?

The battle of Eylau produced a four months' cessation of hostilities, during which the Russians suffered much, but their enemies still more. Sixty thousand stragglers, M. de Fezensac assures us, were missing from the French muster-rolls, and the greater part of these were mere marauders, who stripped the country of the supplies which should have been brought up and husbanded by the commissariat.

'Never were more orders,' he adds, 'given than by Napoleon to ensure subsistence to his army; never were any worse executed. Some of them indeed were wholly impracticable. There might be traced in them the illusions or charlatanism of him who, in later days, ordered his troops to protect the peasants who brought provisions into the markets of Moscow. To discover the hidden stocks, to bring them into Warsaw, to repair the mills, to make regular issues of rations, were all very well on paper; but those who made the campaign knew what it all came to. It is wrong then to say [the writer has here M. Thiers, and others of his class in view] that the army had enough, and sometimes even more. I can declare, on the contrary, that with all these orders so well given in January, our army was dying with hunger in March.'

In the latter month M. de Fezensac was captured when on a message; and having thus an unsought opportunity of seeing how the enemy fared, gives his evidence as follows:—

'M. Thiers speaks of the sufferings of the Russian army, of Cossacks asking bread of our soldiers. I do not dispute the matter, but at their headquarters appearances gave the lie to this assertion. I saw the staff living in abundance, the soldiers well clothed, the horses in good condition. Assuredly the comparison was not in our favour.'

Refused an exchange, as having seen too much of the camp thus described, he was sent into Russia, and remained a prisoner until the battle of Friedland and peace of Tilsit released him.

Restored to Paris and to society, M. de Fezensac met and married the daughter of Clarke, Duc de Feltre, the Minister of War. It is no reflection on an honest soldier to say that he thus secured his military fortunes more certainly than if he had followed Ney in the famous échelon attack which overthrew that army whose condition he had lately admired, and which Benning-sen too confidently exposed. Soon afterwards he was entering Spain, once more on the Marshal's staff, and pursued Moore's army to Corunna. He had here just time to observe the bitter enmity of the Spaniards to their conquerors, and the ill working of the Napoleonic system in a hostile country, when he was recalled, with many of the staff, to Paris. Napoleon was about to carry the Grand Army once more into Germany. In the fifth year of his service, and holding the enviable position of captain and aide-de-camp to Berthier himself, M. de Fezensac followed the eagles to Vienna and received a slight wound at Aspern, which procured him his rank as major, and a pension with the title of baron — 'rather for what I would have done than for what I did,' adds the narrator modestly. His journal here was but a record of headquarter movements, and he has forborne to publish it. A short mission to Spain, with some instructions to Macdonald, composed the rest of his service until the fatal invasion of Russia was begun, and he passed again through Germany on Berthier's staff.

No part of the work is more interesting than that which follows. In almost immediate attendance upon Napoleon up to the day of Borodino, M. de Fezensac was named three days later to the command of the 4th Regiment of the line, which had lost its col-

onel in the fight, and thenceforward served through the rest of the Russian tragedy in his new capacity in the corps of his old chief Ney. Of the whole library of history and memoir devoted to the eventful retreat from Moscow, there is no account more valuable than this. A natural devotion to the responsibilities of his new duty made him sympathise to the full with the sufferings of his regiment, whilst his six years' service on the staff enabled him to discern how much of these were due to the shortcomings at headquarters. The system of requisition alternating with pillage, which we have seen him denounce for its inherent unsoundness, had broken down altogether, and left the army helpless and starving in wastes of mud and snow. The bonds of organisation and of regimental discipline, imperfect in the day of victory, snapped asunder at this great disaster, leaving all ranks levelled in helpless selfishness, until the Grand Army, so long the terror of Europe, became in its turn the sport and booty of an avenging peasantry. One bright spot only illumines the dark picture as M. de Fezensac has painted it. The noble self-denial and inexhaustible energy of Ney have never had such full justice done to them before. No one who reads this narrative can doubt that the marshal united in his person, to a degree no other man has rivalled, the true physical and moral qualifications for the rearguard commander of a retreating army. On this portion of the 'Souvenirs' we forbear to dwell further. It was not only published (as before stated) many years before the remainder, but to many English readers is especially known by the excellent translation of Sir W. Knollys, who has completed the original narrative carefully from other sources, and thus made so complete a handbook of the campaign, as to cause regret that his labour has never been offered to the general public. For our present purpose it is sufficient to say that of the 3,000 men who originally composed the 4th Regiment, 200 only recrossed the Vistula after the retreat, and of the missing number only 100 ever reappeared from captivity: nine-tenths had been sacrificed to Napoleon's spirit of adventure. The officers naturally suffered less in proportion than the men; yet of their original strength of 109, sixty perished, and fourteen only escaped unhurt. M. de Fezensac conducted the remnant of his corps to Nancy at the end of the winter, bearing from Ney the short but honourable testimony (in a letter to General Clarke): 'This young man has constantly proved superior

to the critical circumstances in which he was placed. I present him to you as a true French knight, and you may fairly consider him henceforward an old French colonel.' His father-in-law did not take the hint himself, but Ney's recommendation reached the Emperor through others; and whilst M. de Fezensac was in Paris soliciting promotion for his subalterns, he was himself gazetted general of brigade; the Minister declaring himself as much surprised as any one at his son-in-law's good fortune. Soon afterwards he was on his way to Bremen, appointed to a newly raised *corps d'armée*, of which Vandamme had assumed the charge, and in which the author found the officers, almost without exception, composed of two classes — boys from the cadet school, and worn-out middle-aged men. The serviceable officers had for the most part disappeared, or attained higher rank.* Of trustworthy soldiers in any capacity Napoleon began to feel the need, for he wrote to Davoust, after sending him to command in the north of Germany: 'Take care and treat Vandamme well: men who understand war are getting scarce.' This advice, according to M. de Fezensac, came not a whit too soon, for the violent temper of the general soon after caused an explosion in the presence of the whole staff, upon some point of military etiquette, which tried Davoust's patience to the utmost. The war now recommenced, and whilst the Grand Army was wining Lutzen and Bautzen successively, causing Napoleon vainly to fancy himself once more the arbiter of Europe, Davoust recovered Hamburg and the Lower Elbe in a series of well-managed though not very difficult *manceuvres*. Vandamme here won much credit, and General de Fezensac, who was often detached and acting on his own responsibility, was so liked and praised by his new chief, that when the latter, during the ensuing armistice, was ordered to the Grand Army, his brigadier followed him and obtained a command in his (1st) Corps. Vandamme's manner, he tells us, though unbearable to his superiors, was by no means harsh to his own staff; and the energy and vigour of the man, who was known to be ambitious beyond all things of such distinction as should place him on a level

* In another part of the work M. de Fezensac tells a story of this era, illustrative of the prevailing confusion in the War Bureau. An old lieutenant of the 50th went to Paris to solicit a company. He was forthwith gazetted — by mistake — to a major's rank in another corps. When the error was found out, it was thought not worth while to correct it, and he was sent to take command of his battalion, at the head of which he fell.

with more fortunate rivals, gave promise of brilliant opportunities to the corps he led.

M. de Fezensac found in his new brigade a better supply of officers than he had hoped; for many, invalided in the spring, had now rejoined the eagles. On the other hand, the ranks were full of young untrained recruits, and the non-commissioned officers were ignorant of the very elements of their duties. The dispersion of the force during the armistice for subsistence^{sake} rendered it the harder to complete the necessary instruction, and the more impossible to enforce discipline. 'We were to fight all Europe,' he sums up his description, 'and never was there a more untrained force than ours.' 'All the world knows,' it is significantly added, 'how the countries we occupied suffered; in this respect, at least, our young army was quite as knowing as its predecessors. Under pretext of looking after the comfort of the men various officers ransacked town and country, made requisitions, and allowed themselves afterwards to be bribed off.' From such pursuits as these, and with unfinished training in its proper trade, the Grand Army was roused by the termination of the armistice. Austria had thrown her slow but heavy sword into the balance, and France and her conscripts were hopelessly overweighted.

There has been much discussion as to the exact force brought to bear on either side in the new campaign, which exceeded in its dimensions any other the world has seen. It seems to us more important to note fully what has been here revealed us of the composition of Napoleon's army, and to remember that no reinforcement of any importance reached it. We may then well understand how its body and substance melted away under the disasters that ensued, more rapidly than the historian can trace. For a moment the brilliant victory of Dresden, and the death of his former rival Moreau by a French shot on the first occasion of his exposure, led Napoleon to believe that the star of victory had risen on him once more; but in the same week that this triumph was won, his dreams of restored Empire were rudely shattered into ruin by three tremendous blows. Oudinot's Army of the North was defeated decisively within sight of the hated city of Berlin, which it had threatened. Macdonald in Silesia received a fatal check on the Katzbach, which so loosened the discipline of his conscripts* that the three

days' retreat that followed cost him ten times the number lost in the fight. These two misfortunes the Emperor's panegyrists charge to his lieutenants, forgetting that he was solely and wholly responsible for the choice he had made. The third however, that of Vandamme's corps at Culm, has been so completely and unequivocally fixed upon his own mismanagement by concurrent testimony, that even M. Thiers scarce endeavours to disprove it, and admits as true the charge against his hero of striving to excuse himself at first by blackening the memory of his general, then reported to be slain.*

M. de Fezensac shared, of course, in all the events of Culm. He rejoiced at the outset in the bold movement which threw the First Corps into the rear of the vast mass of enemies retreating from Dresden. He became anxious with others when it was found that all connexion with the other French corps was lost. He felt anxiety change into alarm when Vandamme, on the night before the battle, left his corps exposed to be attacked by vastly larger forces in the plain before Teplitz, whilst the heights behind him were unoccupied, and no friends heard of in any quarter. 'No one partook his illusions,' says M. de Fezensac, who regretted then, no doubt, his choice of a leader. 'Generals, officers, and soldiers alike wanted confidence. That is a bad feeling with which to enter into action.' When 40,000 troops in such condition, and so placed, are suddenly attacked in front and rear by forces double their own, the result cannot be doubtful. In two hours Vandamme's corps was either taken or scattered through the wooded eminences by which the Prussians had come behind it. Acting on a maxim of Ney's, that 'you should never surrender till they take you by the throat,' M. de Fezensac forced his way through the enemy's skirmishers and escaped, finding one-third of his brigade remaining when he rallied it under cover of Saint Cyr's troops on the Dresden side of the hills. Less fortunate than his brigadier, Vandamme was long ere that time a prisoner in the marketplace of Teplitz, his tall form a show to triumphant townsfolk, and his loud voice appealing in vain for punishment on the ex-

letter (to be found in the Prussian archives) to Marshal Macdonald from General Futhod, who speaks of his division, *before the combat*, as quite unmanageable in the existing want and bad weather.

* Be it observed that the same Napoleon whom M. Thiers condemns for thus inventing falsehood against the unhappy Vandamme is he upon whose sole testimony Ney and Grouchy are made responsible for the events of Waterloo in the famous vol. xx. of the 'Consulate and Empire.'

* No French historian has attempted to explain the enormous loss suffered *after* this really trifling action. The real cause is revealed in an intercepted

cited soldiery, who had plundered and threatened him with violence: * —

'The moral effect of this defeat,' M. de Fezensac observes, 'was worse than the numerical. Its result was a discouragement that lasted to the end of the campaign. Young soldiers require success; only old ones can bear up against reverses. We saw no more those men who, the day before, had so boldly attacked the enemy. On the morning of the 29th, the 1st corps numbered 40,000 brave fellows; on the night of the 30th, 20,000 disheartened soldiers.'

The spirits of the enemy rose proportionately, and an officer despatched next day to seek exchange of prisoners, was refused reception at their headquarters.

Cheered by successes on all sides, the Allies now set themselves firmly to the task of ridding Germany of the French. Jealousies and divisions were laid aside for the common good, and the personal ambition of powerful monarchs † sacrificed to the political object. From that time forward Napoleon's struggle was hopeless. Hemmed in the basin of the Elbe by his false strategy, straitened from the first, and soon starved, his young legions melted away in the Saxon autumn as fast as their predecessors in the Russian winter, until the time came when their enemies, better fed, in better heart, and with recruited numbers, closed in and gave them the final blow at Leipsic. The First Corps, now under Count Lobau, saw little of all this, being placed in Dresden to recover their condition, and finally abandoned there by one of the many mistakes Napoleon made in this campaign. His retreat from Germany of course compelled the surrender of the force thus isolated, and M. de Fezensac, again a prisoner, drew his sword no more. Those who follow his Recollections ever so carelessly throughout will understand the mingled feelings with which he heard of the abdication of his chief, whose genius he had admired, though never blind to his faults. He accepted the Restoration as the best hope for the future of France; and the

* Vandamme's treatment has been noted by various authors, but it seems to be forgotten by all but those of Prussia that his conduct during a long command in Silesia had made his name a byword for brutality and extortion.

† From an unpublished letter of Lord Cathcart's, at the Foreign Office, which the writer was permitted, by Lord Russell's kindness, to refer to, it appears that the Prince Regent strongly urged that the chief command should be conferred on Alexander, who, nevertheless, absolutely refused it. The reason the Emperor assigned in his reply was that, since Moreau was dead, he felt the responsibility too great for himself — a weighty testimony to the ex-Republican general's character.

tri-colored cockade, which he doffed after ten years' wear, was laid by as his simple souvenir of the Grand Army. Few saw so plainly what strength and weakness met in that vast machine; none have better told the story of its triumphs and its fall.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A LETTER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following letter by Sir Walter Scott was discovered, a short time since, among the papers of the late Wilhelm Grimm by his son, Herman Grimm of Berlin. It is addressed simply to "Mr. Grimm, Cassel," and there is nothing to show for which of the brothers, Jacob or Wilhelm, it was intended.

The references to Robert Owen, and to Brothers the Prophet — immortalized by Southey in the "Devil's Walk" — are curious. So is the allusion to the probable "fall" of Hamburg, and the fact that in 1814 a letter took three months to travel from Cassel to Edinburgh. We have changed all these things; but we have not abandoned that dislike to the German written character which forms so pathetic a post-script to Sir Walter's letter.

The *Einsiedler* mentioned near the close, was, as Mr. Herman Grimm informs me, the *Einsiedlerzeitung*, a literary magazine to which his father and uncle contributed, and which had a year's existence only, in 1808. — [Ed. M. M.]

MR. GRIMM, CASSEL.

DEAR SIR, — Your very welcome letter reached me only yesterday. I am perfectly acquainted with what you have done for ancient German literature, to which my studies have in some measure been directed, so that I am no stranger to the rich field of ancient poetry which your country affords. The collection of Professor Müller (the property of a friend) has made me in some degree familiar with *Der alte Hildebrand* and the other chivalrous heroes of the *Helldenbuch*. I owe the little knowledge I have on these subjects to the instructions of Mr. Henry Weber, a Saxon by birth, an unwearied investigator of the antiquities both of England and of his native country. He resided in Edinburgh until the beginning of last winter, when he left us to follow

other prospects which occurred in England. You will probably receive a letter from him respecting what is doing in London in romantic lore. I have requested him to write to you, because while all I know is most sincerely at your service, he being *utriusque lingue doctor* and an enthusiast in German literature, may be able to communicate much that is curious and interesting which might escape me. Mr. Weber and Mr. Robert Jamieson undertook to publish a miscellaneous volume upon Northern antiquities, chiefly relating to those of Scandinavia and Northern Germany, to which I contributed an abridgment of the *Eybyggja Saga*. I will send you a copy with some other books, of which I beg leave to request your friendly acceptance. Mr. Robert Jamieson is still in Edinburgh, having a situation in the Register House. He also is an enthusiast in German literature, having long resided at Riga, where he had opportunities of studying it with advantage. Of the other persons concerning whom you inquire, I can also give you some account. My poor friend Leyden died of a fever after our troops had landed on Batavia, in the East Indies. He had distinguished himself latterly by the most extensive acquisitions in Oriental languages and literature, and his loss is incalculable. With the *Northern Antiquities* you will receive the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, which will probably interest you. The history is written by Southey, one of our most celebrated authors, both in prose and poetry, and lately named Poet Laureate by the Regent. It contains a memoir of poor Leyden's life, which I drew up for the Register, and some other literary articles which will perhaps amuse you.

Mr. Ellis (a man of fortune, and long a member of Parliament) is a particular friend of mine. He has published nothing save his abridgment of the romances, with which you are acquainted. He was a great patron of Mr. Owen, and very earnest for the publication of the *Mabinogion*, of which I have seen some curious specimens in his possession. But unfortunately Owen has gone half mad after a scoundrelly prophet called Brothers, and I fear is too far gone in fanaticism ever to be of service to literature, which is much to be regretted. Ritson died in a melancholy manner, having first, in a fit of insanity, destroyed all his curious transcripts and manuscripts. Previously, he disposed of his collection of books, which were very curious. I should also explain that Robt. Jamieson, editor of the *Bakads*, though alike in name and pur-

suits, is different from Dr. Robt. Jamieson, author of the *Scottish Dictionary*. The latter is a clergyman, not of the Established Church, but of a particular class of Scottish Dissenters hitherto only remarkable for religious zeal. But this excellent man, upon a very small income in proportion to his exertions, has bred up a family of fifteen or sixteen children, formed a library and collection of medals, and employs his whole leisure in the study of antiquities, without forfeiting the attachment of his hearers or neglecting his professional studies. There are two poems in ancient Scottish, both classical, and almost epic. One relates to the exploits of Robert the Bruce, who recovered Scotland from the English yoke, and is well-nigh historical in its details. The other relates to the great champion of our freedom, William Wallace. It is legendary, but makes up in a high spirit of poetry what it wants in historical authenticity. Both them being till of late great favourites with the common people have been repeatedly reprinted, but in a very degraded and corrupt state. The historian, Mr. Pinkerton, has indeed made an edition of the Bruce, but it is by no means a good one. I have been instigating Dr. Jamieson, who has collated and corrected his copies of both books from the best and most ancient manuscripts, to give us such an edition as Macpherson's edition of Winton's Chronicle, and I am sure he would obtain a splendid subscription. He has written a curious and learned but somewhat heavy work upon the *Culdees*, or Ancient Christian Clergy of Scotland. It is somewhat too professional, but I will add a copy to my parcel for you. I will also join copies of my own things if not out of print. I am pretty sure I have *Sir Tristram*, on which I put out my strength as an antiquary. But I am at present writing in my little country cottage, and shall not be in Edinburgh till a fortnight hence, and then I shall hardly know how to send my packet. I will make inquiry, however, both at Leith and London, and I only hope it will reach you sooner than your letter of the 24th January has gained Scotland. My friends and publishers, the Messrs. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, if you should find the *Edin. Annual Register* likely to find sale in Germany, which, from the historical information, I should think probable, will supply you or your correspondents in exchange for foreign books of reputation. Most of the other volumes of which I shall request your acceptance, are also published by them. What I trust to be able to send

you are, *The Register*, 8 volumes — the *Culdees* — my own *Poems*, and *Sir Tristram*. Besides the poems of *Marmion* and *Lady of the Lake*, I wrote the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and one of *Don Roderick*, and more lately, *Rocheby* (these I will send with the *Northern Antiquities*, and perhaps some other things which do not occur to me at this moment). I presume mails will be now regularly made up through Holland until Hamburg fall. If you address me under care to Francis Freeling, Esq., General Post Office, London, a letter of any moderate size, containing a small volume, if you will, will reach me free of expense. The inner direction, Walter Scott, Esq., Edinburgh. Mr. Freeling is secretary to our post-office establishment through Britain, and a man of literature.

I am possessor of a copy of your *Ein-siedler*, and was much flattered by finding the Scottish Ballads had been of use to your researches.

I fear Mr. Douce will not do more for literature. His health is not good, and he has resigned a situation which he had in the Museum, which seems to intimate an intention not to write again. He is by far our most diligent investigator of the history of popular fiction, but perhaps the habits of collecting minute information are rather inconsistent with the power of generalizing and combining the deductions which it affords. I have not seen the Berlin collection of *Kindermärchen*, 1813, which I should like much to possess, but I have often read with delight the *Volkmärchen* of Musäus, and I recognise in the story of the *Berg-Geist* at Rammelsberg, and several other tales, the outlines of the stories of our nurseries and schools. I have also a very curious and miscellaneous collection of books in German, containing the *Gehornie Siegfried*, and other romantic tales. They were collected by Mr. Weber, and amount to four volumes. I do not know any one who knows more of Scottish popular fiction than I do myself, excepting the tales of the Highlands, with which I am less immediately familiar. Any questions you can propose on the subject I will answer with all the fidelity and attention in my power. This is a long letter, but I wish it to be accepted as a proof of my willing acceptance of the offer of yours, and of the esteem with which I am, dear Sir,

Your obedt. Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, NEAR MELROSE,
20th April, 1814.

I read the German language with facility, as you are so good as to use the Latin characters, but I dare not attempt to write it.

THE OLD POLITICIAN.

Now that Tom Dunstan's cold,
Our shop is duller;
Scarce a story is told!
And our chat has lost the old
Red republican color!
Though he was sickly and thin
He gladdened us with his sin,
How, warming at rich men's sin,
With bang of the fist, and chin
Thrust out, he argued the case!
He prophesied folk would be free,
And the money-bags be bled, —
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,
Like spiders spinning,
Stitching full fine and fleet,
While the old Jew on his seat
Sat greasily grinning;
And there Tom said his say,
And prophesied Tyranny's death,
And the tallow burnt all day,
And we stitched and stitched away
In the thick smoke of our breath,
Wearily, wearily.
With hearts as heavy as lead —
But "Patience, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

And at night when we took here
The pause allowed to us,
The paper came with the beer,
And Tom read, sharp and clear,
The news out loud to us;
And then, in his witty way,
He threw the jest about, —
The cutting things he'd say
Of the wealthy and the gay!
How he turned them inside out!
And it made our breath more free
To hearken to what he said —
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,
Would mutter "Master,
If Freedom means to appear,
I think she might step here
A little faster!"
Then it was fine to see Tom flame,
And argue and prove and preach,
Till Jack was silent for shame,
Or a fit of coughing came
O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.

Oh! Tom had the eyes to see,
 When tyranny should be sped;
 "She's coming, she's coming," said he;
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak,
 The hard hours shook him;
 Hollower grew his cheek,
 And when he began to speak
 The coughing took him.
 Ere long the cheery sound
 Of his chat among us ceased,
 And we made a purse all round,
 That he might not starve, at least;
 His pain was sorry to see,
 Yet there, on his poor sick bed,
 "She's coming in spite of me!
 Courage and wait!" cried he,
 "Freedom's ahead!"

A little before he died,
 To see his passion!
 "Bring me a paper," he cried,
 And then to study it tried
 In his old sharp fashion;
 And with eyeballs glittering
 His look on me he bent,
 And said that savage thing
 Of the lords of the parliament.
 Then, darkening, smiling on me,
 "What matter if one be dead?"
 She's coming, at least!" said he;
 "Courage, boy! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,
 The shop feels duller;
 Scarce a story is told!
 Our talk has lost the old
 Red republican color.
 But we see a figure gray,
 And we hear a voice of death,
 And the tallow burns all day,
 And we stitch and stitch away
 In the thick smoke of our breath;
 Ay, here in the dark sit we,
 While wearily, wearily,
 We hear him call from the dead —
 "She's coming, she's coming!" says he;
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!
 Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord, how long
 Doth thy handmaid linger?
 She who shall right the wrong?
 Make the oppressed strong? —
 Sweet morrow, bring her!
 Hasten her over the sea,
 O Lord, ere hope be fled —
 Bring her to men and to me!
 O slave, pray still on thy knee, —
 "Freedom's ahead!"

[ROBERT BUCHANAN.]

OPUSCULUM.

For a Very Small Abum.

BY DR. NEWMAN.

FAIR cousin, thy page
 is small to encage
 the thoughts which engage
 the mind of a sage,
 Such as I am;

'Twere in teaspoon to take
 the whole Genevase lake,
 or a lap-dog to make
 the white Elephant sac-
 cred in Siam.

Yet inadequate though
 to the terms strange and so-
 lemn that figure in Po-
 lysyllabical row

In a treatise;

Still true words and plain,
 of the heart, not the brain,
 in affectionate strain,
 this book to contain
 Very meet is.

So I promise to be
 a good cousin to thee,
 and to keep safe the se-
 cret I heard, although e-
 v'ry one know it;

With a lyrical air
 my kind thoughts I would dare,
 and offer whate'er
 becometh the news, were
 I a poet.

MANY of the working-men who have had, — thanks to the great philanthropy and incessant labour of Mr. Hodgson Pratt, — an opportunity of visiting the Paris Exhibition, met on Monday last in Cavendish Square Rooms to present him with an address of well earned gratitude. These artizans, besides visiting the Exhibition, had generally been enabled also to visit the more important French manufactories connected with their line of labour. About 700 artizans had thus visited 550 of the most important manufactories. About 3,200 English artizans had availed themselves of the arrangements of the committee to go to Paris. The committee unfortunately had to contract for a certain number of beds for a given time, whether they could fill them or not, and in the last two months of the Exhibition some of these beds were often empty, and hence those who guaranteed the expenses will lose a part of their guarantee, unless the public comes forward to prevent it. The address of thanks to Mr. Hodgson Pratt was signed by 1,000 workmen.

— Spectator, Jan. 11.

CHAPTER XLII.

A GUARDIAN.

It was Jack who hurried his sister down the avenue in obedience to that peremptory summons. The effects of the fresh air and rapid movement roused her, as we have said, and nobody but herself had been aware that her strength had ever failed her. Jack was wound up to the last pitch of suspense and agitation; but he could not say a word to her — would not tell her what she was to do. "How can I tell till I see what is wanted of you?" he said, savagely. She did not know what might be laid upon her, or why she was sent for; but she was left to accept the office alone. He gave her no help except his arm to support her down the avenue — a support which was not of much use to Sara, for her brother walked at such a pace that she was scarcely able to keep up with him. He was walking a great deal more rapidly than he was at all aware. Things had come to a climax in Jack's mind. He was burping with feverish irritation, anxiety, eagerness, and panic. He had thought that his mind was made up, and that nothing farther would disturb him. But in a moment he had become more disturbed than ever. The end that must decide everything had come.

There was a certain air of excitement about Swayne's cottages as they approached. Old Betty's lodge was closed and vacant for one thing, and the gates set wide open; and the blinds were down in Mrs. Swayne's windows, and her neighbour stood in the little garden outside watching, with her hand on the door. She was waiting for their coming; and Betty within, who was utterly useless so far as the patient was concerned, flitted up and down stairs looking for the arrival of the visitor who was so anxiously expected. They received Sara with a mixture of eager curiosity and deference. "She's been a-calling for you, Miss," said Mrs. Swayne's neighbour, "as if she would go out of her mind." "She's a-calling for you now," cried old Betty; "she don't seem to have another thought in her head — and the rector by the bedside all the same, and her so near her latter end!" Even Mr. Swayne himself, with his wife's shawl around him, had come to the kitchen door to join in the general sentiment. "The Lord be praised as you've come, Miss Sara," he said. "I thought as she'd have driven me wild." This preface was not of a kind to calm Sara's nerves. She went up stairs confused with all the salutations addressed to her, and full of awe, almost of fear. To be sent for by a woman on her death-bed was of itself something alarming and awful. And this woman above all.

As for Jack, all that he heard of this babble was the intimation that the rector was there. It added another spark, if that were possible, to the fire in his heart. The doctor knew all about it — now here was another, yet another, to be

taken into the dying woman's confidence. Though nobody asked for him, and though his presence seemed little desirable, he went up after his sister without saying a word to any one. They could hear the voice of the patient as they approached — a voice almost unintelligible, thick and babbling, like the voice of an idiot, and incessant. Mrs. Preston's eyes still blazing with wild anxiety and suspicion met Sara's wondering, wistful gaze as she went timidly into the room. Pamela stood by like a ghost with utter weariness and a kind of dull despair in her pallid face. She could not understand what it all meant. To her the *mot* of the enigma, which had been wanting at the commencement, could now never be supplied, for she was too completely worn out in body and mind to be able to receive a new idea. She beckoned to Sara almost impatiently as she opened the door. "Yes, mamma, she has come — she has come," said Pamela. Mr. Hardcastle was standing behind her with his prayer-book in his hand, looking concerned and impatient. He was amazed at the neglect with which he was being treated in the first place, and, to do him justice, he also felt strongly that, as Betty said, she was near her latter end, and other interests should be foremost in her mind. Old Betty herself came pressing in after Jack, and Mrs. Swayne followed her a few minutes later, and the neighbours stood outside on the landing. Their curiosity was roused to such a pitch that it eclipsed every other feeling — not that the women were hard-hearted or indifferent to the solemn moment which was at hand, they all wanted to know what she could have to say to Sara, and they were all curious to witness the tragedy about to be enacted and to see whether she made a good end.

"Ah, she's come," said Mrs. Preston in her thick voice. "Bring her here to me. Not him. — I don't want him. Sara! come here! It's you I can speak to — only you. Give me something. I have a dozen words to say, and I must say them strong."

"Here, mamma," said Pamela, who watched with a sort of mechanical accuracy every indication of her mother's will; and she put her soft arm under Mrs. Preston's head and raised her with a strain of her slight girlish form, which at another moment would have been impossible. Jack made a step forward involuntarily to help her, but stopped short, arrested by the dying woman's eyes, which she fixed upon him over Pamela's shoulder as the cordial which was to give her strength to speak was put to her lips. She stopped even at that moment to look at him. "Not you," she said, hoarsely — "not you." It was not that he cared what she said, or even understood it, in his own excitement; but Pamela had her back turned upon him as she supported her mother; and Jack felt with a pang of poignant humiliation that there was no place for him there. Even her interests, the charge of her, seemed to be passing out of his hands.

"If you are going to speak to me — about,

— anything," cried Sara, "I don't know what it is — nor why you should send for me; but do you want all these people too?"

Mrs. Preston looked at them vaguely — but she took no notice of what Sara said. "I have sent for you," she cried, uttering two or three words at a time, as if making a last effort to be intelligible, "because you saved me. I leave her to you; you're only a girl; you will not kill her; for the sake of her money. My mother's money! And to think we might all have been — comfortable — and happy! and now, I'm going to die!"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Pamela, clasping her hands wildly, "if you would but put away everything from your mind — if you would but stop thinking, and do what the doctor says, you might get better yet."

The dying woman made an attempt as it were to shake her hand — she made a dreadful attempt to smile. "Poor child!" she said, and something like a tear got into her dilated eyes, "she don't know. That's life; never to know — till the very last — when you might have been happy — and comfortable; and then to die —"

"Mrs. Preston," cried Sara, going up to the bed, "I don't know what you mean or what I can do; but, oh, if you will only listen to Pamela! You are strong — you can speak and remember everything. Oh, can't you try to live for her sake? We will all pray," she cried with tears, "every one of us — if you will only try! Oh, Mr. Hardcastle, pray for her — why should she die, and she so strong? and to leave Pamela like this!"

"Hush," said Mr. Hardcastle, almost sternly, "Sara, you forget there are things more important than life."

"Not to Pamela!" cried Sara, carried away by the vehemence of her feelings. "Oh, Mrs. Preston, try! You are strong yet — you could live if you were to try."

A kind of spasm passed over the poor woman's face. Perhaps a momentary hope of being able to make that effort crossed her mind — perhaps it was only a terrible smile at the vanity of the proposal. But it passed and left her eyes more wild in their passionate entreaty than before. "You don't — answer," she said; "you forsake me — like the rest. Sara! Sara! you are killing me. She is killing me. Give me an answer. Oh, my God, she will not speak!"

Sara looked round upon them all in her dismay. "You should have the doctor," she said; her inexperienced mind had seized upon Pamela's incoherent remonstrance. "Where is the doctor? Oh, could not something be done for her if he was here?"

Then Pamela gave a low cry. Her mother, who had been motionless for hours, after a wild struggle turned her head round upon the pillow. Her palsied fingers fluttered on the coverlid as if with an attempt to stretch themselves out toward Sara. Her eyes were ready to start from their sockets. "She will not speak to me!" she cried — "although she saved me.

I make her guardian of my child. Do you hear? — is there any one to hear me? She is to take care of my Pamela. She is killing me. Sara, Sara! do you hear? I am speaking to you. You are to take care of my Pamela. I leave her to you" —

"Do what she says," said a low voice at Sara's shoulder. "Promise anything — everything. She must not be thwarted now."

Sara did not know who it was that spoke. She made a step forward, recovering her native impetuosity. She laid her warm living hand upon the cold half-dead one of the dying woman and left it there, though the touch thrilled to her heart. "I will take care of her," she said, "I promise, as if she was my sister. Do you hear me now, Mrs. Preston? I promise with all my heart. Oh, Pamela, I don't think she hears me! I have said it too late — she is going to die."

The doctor, who had spoken to Sara, came forward and drew her softly from the bedside. "Take her away," he said to Jack, who all this while, had been looking on. "Take them both away — they can do no good here" —

Sara, who was trembling in every limb, fell back upon her brother's supporting arm; but when Jack held out his other hand to Pamela she made him no reply. She was weaker than Sara, but she was a hundred times stronger. She gave him one pitiful look and returned to her mother. That was her place, come what might; and she was so young, that even now she could not recognize that there was no hope.

Then Jack took his sister down stairs. They went into the little parlor, which was full to his mind of so many associations. Sara had not, like Pamela, the support of intense and overwhelming emotion. She was shaken to the very depths by this extraordinary trial. As soon as it was over she fell into hysterical sobbing like a child. She could not restrain herself. She sunk upon the little black sofa in the parlor, where Mrs. Preston had so often rested, and hid her face in her hands to keep down as far as she could the irrepressible sobs. Jack had begun to walk about the room and seemed to take no notice; but he was thinking in his heart how small a matter it was to her in comparison with what it was to Pamela, though it was she and not Pamela who indulged in this show of sorrow. He was unkind to his sister; he was bitter against her, and against all the world. It was his natural charge that had been transferred to her hands; and who was Sara that she should have such a guardianship given to her? He vowed to himself that it was he and only he who should take care of Pamela. Sara? a girl who knew nothing about it — a child with no power to take care of herself — the woman must be mad. He went to the door with a little excitement as the sound became audible of other people coming down stairs. The spectators who had crowded into Mrs. Preston's sick room were being sent away, and old Betty, thus deprived of one source of interest, came in

courtesying to make herself useful to Sara. "Poor soul, she's awful bad," said Betty, "but, Miss Sara, don't you take on; you've been a comfort to her. She's a deal easier in her mind; she's found friends for her girl, as was always her great thought. Don't you take on!"

"Oh, Betty, is she dead?" cried Sara, to whom the sympathy even of this old woman was a consolation, excited as she was.

"No, Miss," said Betty, shaking her head. "It ain't so easy getting shut o' this life. She ain't dead, nor won't be not yet a while — judging by all as I've seen in my day."

"Then she is getting better," cried Sara, clasping her hands. "Oh, Jack, thank God! she is going to live."

Old Betty again shook her head. "Miss Sara, you're young," she said; "you don't know no better. She ain't a-going to live. But them things take more nor a minute. This world had need to be a better place than it is to most on us; for it's hard work a-getting in and it's harder work a-getting out. She may lie like that for days and days. Most folks get to be glad at last when it's over. It's weary work, both for them as is nursin' and them as is dyin'; but it's what we all has to go through," said Betty, with a conventional sigh.

This time, however, Betty, with all her experience, was not a true prophet. The strength of the dying woman was fictitious. As soon as she had got beyond the point at which her mind could still work, her body went down like so much dead weight; consciousness and intelligence had failed her while Sara was in the act of making her promise, and in a few minutes the rector, excited and rather angry, joined the others down stairs. "You should have waited, Sara," he said, severely; "no worldly affairs could be so important as to justify — And then what can you do for the poor girl? I would humour the fancies of the dying as much as any one; but if the poor thing is left destitute, unless you take her into your service!"

"Mr. Hardcastle," exclaimed Jack, furious, "do you know whom you are speaking of? Miss Preston is my betrothed wife."

The rector fell back in dismay for a moment. Then he recovered himself with a certain dignity. "My dear Jack," he said, "this is not a moment to discuss any act of youthful folly. Your good father ought to know of this. Don't, I beg of you, don't say anything more to me."

"And all that we have in the world belongs to Pamela," said Sara, with a sigh. Mr. Hardcastle looked at the brother and sister, and his usual discrimination forsook him. He thought they were both out of their senses. As there was nobody else to communicate with, he looked round at old Betty, who stood listening eagerly; and Betty, too, elevated her eyebrows, and shook her head. Were they going mad? Was there some idiocy in the air which affected every body? The rector went to the window, and turned his back upon them, and looked out

in his bewilderment. He felt very sorry for poor Mr. Brownlow. Then he seemed to get a glimmering of the meaning of it all. It was for Sara's aid in securing this marriage that the poor creature up stairs had been so anxious. Her mind had been passionately occupied about merely worldly interests to the last; and for this he and his higher consolation had been thrust away. Poor Brownlow! Mr. Hardcastle thought of his own dutiful Fanny, who never gave way to any vagaries. And he buttoned his coat with a friendly instinct. "I am going to see your father, as I can be of no farther use here," he said; and there was a world of disapproval in his tone.

But just then there were some hurried movements above, and a cry. It was Pamela, who was calling on her mother, appealing to an ear which no longer heard. They all knew instinctively what it meant. Sara started up, trembling and clasping her hands. She had never been in the same house with death before — never that she knew of; and a dreadful sense that Mrs. Preston had suddenly become a spiritual presence, and was everywhere about her, seized upon the girl. "I promise," she said, wildly, with lips that gave forth very little sound. As for Jack, he too started as if something had struck him. He went up to his sister, though he had been angry with her, and took her into his arms for a moment. "Sara, go to her," he said. He forgot all about secondary things — his heart bled for his Pamela. "Go to her!" he cried; and something like a sob came from his breast. Not for the poor soul that was gone — not for her to whom at last the trouble and toil were over; for the young creature who remained behind to profit by all the mother's unrewarded pains — for the living, not for the dead.

The doctor came down stairs shortly after; and though he was grave, there was a professional tone about him which dispelled the awe of the group below. "It is all over," he said, "and a very good thing too for that poor girl. She could not have stood it much longer. I am very glad Miss Brownlow has gone to her. It's excessively good of your sister. I was obliged to interfere, you know. Nobody need hold themselves bound, unless they please, by a promise extorted like that; but in such a case one never can tell what might have happened. The patient must be humored. I feared!"

"No more," said Jack — "don't say any more; you did what was quite right. It is Miss Preston who must be considered now. Could she be removed at once? Would it be safe to take her away at once? for my sister, of course, I mean."

"Miss Preston?" said the doctor, a little puzzled. "Oh, the daughter, you mean, poor thing! It would be the very best plan to take her away; but she is a good little thing, and she wouldn't go."

"Never mind your opinion of her," cried Jack, keeping his temper with difficulty. "Tell me if we can take her away?"

"She will not go," said the doctor, offended in his turn. "As for opinions, I have a right to my opinion if she was the queen. She's not the sort of girl to be taken away. After the funeral it may be done, perhaps. Good-morning. I shall see her to-morrow. Mr. Hardcastle, if you like I can set you down at the rectory — I am going that way."

"Thanks, I have to go somewhere else first," said the rector; and the other parish functionary departed accordingly, going softly for the first dozen steps out of respect for the dead. Then Mr. Hardcastle put on his hat, and looked at Jack.

"I am going to Brownlows," he said. "I am very sorry to have such an office to fulfill; but your father must know, Jack, what has been going on here to-day."

Jack was in no merry mood, but he was unable to retain a short hard laugh which relieved him as well as any other expression of feeling. "Yes, you are free to tell him," he said, and he felt disposed to laugh again loudly when he looked at the rector's severe and disapproving face. It gave him a certain cynical and grim amusement to see it. How blind and stupid every body was! What immovable, shallow dolts, to look on at all those mysteries of death and ruin, and never to be a whit the wiser! He could have laughed, but his laughter, such as it was, was internal — that too might be misunderstood. He waved old Betty impatiently away, and he turned his back on Mr. Hardcastle who was going. When he turned round again both were gone. He even paused to think they were not so unlike each other; Betty perhaps on the whole had most understanding of the two. He went to the window and watched the old woman cross reluctantly to the lodge, and the rector enter the avenue. Betty, however, could not stay away. She came stealing back again, not perceiving Jack, looking cautiously round to make sure that both the rector and the doctor were out of sight. She stopped to speak to the neighbour who was at her door, and they shook their heads over the sad story, and then Betty crept into Mrs. Swayne's cottage and stole up stairs. Jack took the pains to watch all this, but it was not because he was interested in old Betty. He was reluctant to go back to his own thoughts — to face the situation in which he found himself. When he could delay no longer, he sat down at the table as if he had work to do, and buried his head in his hands. Yes, she was dead, poor woman! The fortune which had excited her almost to madness, which had changed her from an humble, tender creature anxious to serve every body, into an elated tyrant eager to tramp the world under foot, had never reached her grasp. Poor soul! At the very last moment of her life to undergo this awful temptation and to fall under it, and give the lie to all her dutiful and pious existence! Instead of pondering over his own difficulty, these were the reflections in which Jack's mind plunged itself. She had gone where money could do her no good, and yet at

the very end she had agitated and even stained her spotless life for it, leaving painful recollections behind her, though she had been a good woman, perhaps even shortening her own days. What a hard fate it was! how cruel to have had the irresistible temptation so late, and to have no time left her to efface the recollection of her momentary frenzy. Jack's heart grew soft toward her as it all came before him. Poor soul! Poor woman! no time even to say her prayers and ask God's pardon before she died; perhaps, however, on the whole, though Mr. Hardcastle might be of a different opinion, God, who knew all, was less likely to be deceived by that ebullition than man. When he tried to think of his own course of action at this difficult moment, his mind went off at a tangent. It was in vain that he attempted to consider what he was to do. The quiet of death had fallen over the agitated house in which he sat, and his own agitation died out in that chilly calm. Then he got up with a kind of dull composure in his mind to go home. Every thing must be postponed now until the few first days of darkness were over. It was the only tribute that could be paid to the dead.

Before he went away Sara came to him for a moment. Her eyes were red with crying, but she had recovered herself. "Tell papa I must stay with her," said Sara. "I can not leave her. I don't think she could have borne it much longer; and there is only me to take care of her now."

"You? to take care of her?" cried Jack. "How long is this folly to last? Am not I to see her?" and then his flash of resentment died away. "Sara, if you are not good to her, tender to her!" he said with tears coming into his eyes in spite of him. "And she so young! not much more than a child. Why can't I bring down the carriage for her, and take her home?"

"And leave her mother here!" said Sara, turning away with the impatience of excitement. As for Jack, he was walking about in the passage while she spoke to him from the stair. He could have cried like one of the girls — he could have taken his sister in his arms, or have stormed at her. A hundred contradictory contending feelings were in his heart.

"Her mother is dead," he said. "What good can she do here now? why can't you show her the reason of it? she would be much better at Brownlows. The doctor said so. She will come with you."

"Never while her mother lies there," cried Sara — "her poor mother who loved her so! I know what is in her heart; and she shall do as she pleases. Tell papa, unless he wants me, that I must stay here."

And she stayed, and Jack went up the avenue alone. He met two carriages coming down, and had to stop and tell why he had not been present to say good-bye, and what had detained Sara. The ladies in the carriages stared very strangely at his few brief words of apology. And they gazed at each other in consternation as they passed on. It might be very good of

Sara to go and watch by a sick-bed, but to leave her guests for it, to let them all depart without a word as if it had been a hotel — altogether it was a strange family. Mr. Brownlow had told them he expected to be ruined, though there was no visible appearance of it. And Sara had rushed away from them, from the head of the table without a word, on the very last day, to attend a poor woman's death-bed. Not very much like Sara, they said; and they began to give each other significant looks and to ask if the Brownlows had "anything wrong" in their blood. They were so new as a county family. People had no information about their grandfathers and grandmothers; but they looked as if they were all mad — that was the fact. It was the strangest way to treat their guests.

And there were some of the guests, as Jack found on returning to the house, who were not going to leave till the next day. They were sulky and offended, as was natural. To make arrangements for a pleasant visit, and to be all but turned out before the time you had yourself fixed — and then to have your mind confused by vague stories about ruin and loss, and somebody who was dying! It was not to be supposed that any one could be pleased. Mr. Hardcastle had been there, and he had not mended matters. He had told one or two men how sorry he was for poor Brownlow — how he feared Jack had got entangled somehow, and had been so foolish as to involve his sister — and how things were in a bad way. All sorts of vague rumours were floating about the house — the servants were prepared for anything, from the reduction of their wages to the arrest of their master. They watched the door anxiously, and cast furtive looks down the avenue, that they might not be taken unprepared; and Mr. Willis secretly removed a good deal of the plate into a dark corner of the wine cellar. "Master might want it," he said to himself — judging it not off the cards that master might be obliged to run away, and might be glad of a silver tea-pot or so to pay his expenses.

How they could have got through the evening it is impossible to tell, had not Sara appeared before dinner, very pale, with red eyes, and a melancholy face. Every body rushed at her when she appeared — in a kind of consternation. And for a moment it seemed to both her father and brother that their adversary had come alive, and that the struggle was to begin again. Sara's explanation, however, was the simple one that Pamela had fallen asleep, and that she had thought they would want her at home for dinner. So she went and dressed herself, like a martyr, and carried them through the embarrassed meal. It was she upon whom the chief burden fell, and she took up the weight and carried it without flinching. So the long confused eventful day came to an end. When it was late and all the bewildered people had retired to their rooms, Mr. Brownlow and Jack took her down the avenue, guarding her tenderly, one on either side. There was little said between them, but their hearts were full — a kind of gratitude, a

kind of sorrow, a certain pervading sense of union and sympathy had come into their minds; and the two men regarded with a half wondering, half pitying enthusiasm, a waking up of all the springs of natural love, the soft creature between them, the indulged, petted, faulty girl who now had every thing to do. They both kissed her when they left her, with an overflowing of their hearts, and stood and looked at the dark cottage with the faint lights in its windows, saying nothing. In the upper window was the dim glow of the light in the chamber of the dead — the needless pathetic glimmer which shone faintly over the covered face and closed eyes; below, in the little parlor, where a bed had been hastily prepared for her, Pamela was sleeping in her profound exhaustion, almost as pale as her mother, shaded from the dim candlelight. The father and son did not speak, but they grasped each other's hands closely as they looked at the house, and turned away and walked home in silence. A certain confusion, consolation, and calm, all mingled with wonder and suspense, had come over them — words were of no use at that moment. And Sara went in and took up her guardianship — and slept and waked and watched all night long in the weakness and strength of her youth.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY.

NEXT morning Mr. Brownlow resumed his regular habits, and went down to the office, reassuring the household a little by this step, which seemed a return to ordinary life. He looked wistfully and with a certain solemnity at the closed windows of Mrs. Swayne's cottage as he passed. The chief point of interest to him was that Sara was there; and yet it was impossible not to think at the same time of the woman who had crossed his path so fatally, and now had been taken out of his way. In one sense she was taken out of his way. It was not to be supposed that the lawyer could look at the situation in which he found himself with any sentimental or superlative resolutions. His mind was quieted out of all the terrors which had at first overwhelmed him. It was no longer ruin that stared him in the face. The mother could have exacted interest and compound interest; the daughter, who was Jack's betrothed bride, could, of course, be dealt with in a different way. Jack's sense that he was no longer her lover, but the guardian of her interests — that his business was to win every penny of her fortune for her, and then leave her to its enjoyment — did not, of course, affect Mr. Brownlow. He was thinking of nothing fantastical, nothing exaggerated. Pamela was Jack's betrothed. She was in Sara's guardianship. From this day he considered her as a member of his family; and after all the troubles he had undergone, this solution on the whole seemed to Mr. Brownlow a very easy, a very

seemly and becoming one. She should have, as Jack's wife, her mother's fifty thousand pounds; and when he himself died, every thing except a moderate portion for Sara should go into his son's hands. It was an arrangement which made his heart ache; for Sara would have to come down from all her grandeur, to become only what her father's daughter had a right to be in the Masterton house, to have but an humble provision made for her, to relinquish all her luxurious habits and ambitions. If it had been Jack upon whom such a necessity had fallen, Mr. Brownlow could have borne it; but Sara! Nevertheless it was just and right and necessary. There was nothing else to be done, nothing else to be thought of. And both Sara and her father would have to submit, unless, indeed, Sir Charles Motherwell—Mr. Brownlow's eye kindled a little as he thought of his late visitor, and then he shook his head sadly in a kind of self-communing. If any thing had come of that, could Sara have been silent on the subject? Would Sir Charles himself have gone away without a sign? Yet every moment since then had been so full of excitement and occupation, that he still retained a hope. In the midst of the awe and agitation attending Mrs. Preston's death his child could scarcely have paused to tell him of a love-tale. When he entered the familiar office and saw every thing going on just as it had done, Mr. Brownlow felt like a man fallen from the skies. It seemed to him years since he had been there, and he could not but feel a thrill of wonder to find all his papers in their places, and to listen to Mr. Wrinkell's questions about business matters which seemed to have stood still while his own destiny was getting decided. "Are you still at that point?" he said, almost peevishly. "I should have thought that would have been decided long ago."

"It is only three days, if you recollect, since I consulted you about it," Mr. Wrinkell replied, with offended dignity, "and you gave me no distinct answer." Only three days! It might have been three centuries, for any thing Mr. Brownlow knew.

Then he sat down at his desk and addressed himself very heartily to his business. A mass of work had accumulated of course, and he took it up with an energy he had not felt for ages. He had been working in the dark all this time, working languidly, not knowing who might be the better for it. Now his whole soul was in his occupation; every additional shilling he could make would be so much for his child. More and more as he became accustomed to the thought his mind cleared and courage and steadiness returned to him. It was true that he was at the age when men think of retiring from work, but he was a strong and vigorous man still, in possession of all his powers. Jack would withdraw, would marry, would enter on his independent career, and carry out probably the very programme his father had drawn out for him before that midnight visitor arrived whose appearance had

changed every thing. Poor creature, after all she had not changed every thing. She had changed but little. Sara only had lost by her appearance. That was the sting of the whole matter; and Mr. Brownlow applied himself with double energy, with the eager impulse and vigor of a young man, to the work before him. Every thing he could add to his store would be the better for Sara, and he felt that this was motive sufficient for any man worthy of the name.

When it came to be time for luncheon he went out—not to refresh himself with food, for which he had little appetite, but to make a visit which perhaps was a kind of ill-natured relief to him amid the pressure of his many thoughts. He went to Mrs. Fennell's lodgings to pay one of his generally unwilling but dutiful visits. This time he was not unwilling. He went with an unaffected quietness which was very different from the forced calm of his last appearance there. Mrs. Fennell was seated as usual in her great chair, but she had not on her best cap, and was accordingly cowed and discouraged to begin with; and Nancy, who was with her, made a pretence of leaving the room. "Stay," said Mr. Brownlow, "I want you. It is best that you too should hear what I am going to say."

"At your service, sir," said Nancy, dropping him a defiant courtesy. As for Mrs. Fennell, she had begun to tremble immediately with excitement and curiosity.

"What is it, John Brownlow?" she said. "What's happened? It's a sight to see you so soon again. It isn't for nothing, we may be sure. What do you want of me and Nancy now?"

"I want nothing of you," said Mr. Brownlow. "I came to tell you something you ought to know. Phoebe Thomson is found, Mrs. Fennell. She came to me the other night."

"Good Lord!" cried the old woman; and then a wild light got up in her eyes and she looked at him fiercely. "Came to you?—and you let her come, and let her go, and owned her, you coward! Tell me next you have given her up the children's money—my Bessie's children? That's what you call a man! Oh, good Lord—good Lord! You owned her, and you tell it to my very face!"

Then there was a little pause. The two old women looked at him, one with impotent fury, the other with suppressed exultation. "I always said so!" said Nancy. His simple words had produced effect enough, if that was what he wanted. He looked at them both, and a faint smile came over his face, a smile in which there was no mirth and which lasted but a moment. He felt ashamed of himself next minute that he could have been tempted to smile.

"John Brownlow," said Mrs. Fennell, rising in her exasperation, "I'm an old poor failing woman, and you're a fine strong man, but I'd have fought different for my Bessie's children. Didn't I tell you she came to me, that you might be on your guard. And you a

lawyer? Oh, good Lord—good Lord! I'd have kept it safer for them if it had been me. I'd have turned her out of my door for an impostor and a vagabond! I'd have hunted her to death first if it had been me. And you to tell me her name clean out as quiet as a judge and look me in the face! Oh you coward! you poor creature! Never, if she had torn me with wild horses, would she have got it out of me."

"He could not have acted different," said Nancy, with suppressed excitement. "Sit down, mistress, or you'll do yourself a harm. The best lawyer in the world couldn't turn a woman away as knowed her rights."

Mr. Brownlow held up his hand to prevent the angry exclamation that was on Mrs. Fennell's lips. "Hush," he said, "my story is not done. It is a very sad story. Poor soul, she will never get much good of the money. Phoebe Thomson is dead."

They both turned on him with a look which all his life he never forgot. Would they themselves have been capable of such a deed? Was it the natural suggestion of the crisis? The look made him sick and faint. He turned so as to confront both the old women. "I don't know who her counsellor was," he said, with unconscious solemnity, "but it must have been some one who believed me a knave and a liar. Had she come to me and proved to me who she was, she might have been living now. Poor soul, she did not do that. She was sent to London instead to find out for herself about her mother's will, and she came down in haste, finding there was not a moment to lose. And she was driven mad with fright and suspicion and fatigue; an old woman too—she could not bear it. And now, instead of enjoying what was hers, she is dead. This is what comes of evil counsel. She might have lived and had some comfort of her life had she been honest and straightforward and come to me."

Mr. Brownlow said this with the conviction and fervor of an upright man. All the evil thoughts he had himself entertained, all his schemes to baffle his unknown adversary, had faded from his mind. It was not a fictitious but a real forgetfulness. He spoke in the superiority of high principle and of a character above reproach. He did not remember that he had tacitly conspired with Mrs. Fennell, or that he had willfully rejected the opportunity of finding Phoebe Thomson out after her visit to his mother-in-law. Perhaps his excuse to himself was that, at the moment, his suspicions were all directed to a wrong point. But I don't think he felt any occasion to excuse himself—he simply forgot. If she had lived she should have had all, every penny, though it cost him his ruin; and now she was dead by the visitation of God, and every thing was changed. It is strange and yet it was true. He looked at them both with a superiority which was not assumed, and he believed what he said.

As for his hearers, they were both stunned by this solemn address. Mrs. Fennell dropped

into her chair, and in her surprise and relief and consternation began to cry. As for Nancy, she was completely cowed and broken down for some minutes. It was she who had done all this, and every word told upon her. She was overwhelmed by Mr. Brownlow's rectitude, by his honor and truth, which owing to her had been thus fatally distrusted. And she was struck at the same time by a cruel disappointment which gave force to every word. She stood and looked at Mr. Brownlow, quailing before him. Then a faint gleam of returning courage came over her. She drew a deep breath to give herself the power of speech. "There is her child still," she said, with a gasp, and faced him with a certain bravado again.

"Ah, I see you know!" he said; "that is the strangest part of all. For a long time past, before we knew who they were, and much against my will, her child had taken Jack's fancy; he was determined to marry her, though I told him he should have nothing from me; now in the strange arrangements of Providence"—said Mr. Brownlow. But there he stopped; something seemed to stifle him; he could not go on speaking about the dispensations of Providence; he got up when he had reached this point, with a sudden sense that after all he had no right to speak as if God and himself—or Providence, as he preferred to say—were in partnership; his hands were not clean enough for that. He stopped, and asked after Mrs. Fennell, if she had all the comforts she wanted, and then he made what haste he could away. He even felt half ashamed of himself as he went down stairs. His mother-in-law, excited as she had been by the first piece of news he told her, had but half understood the second. He left her sobbing weakly over her Bessie's children who were being robbed and ruined. Nancy went to the door with him in a servile despair. She understood it all well enough. There was no more hope for her, no more dazzling expectations of such a retirement as Betty's lodge and its ease and independence. To serve old Mrs. Fennell's whims all the rest of her days; to be pensioned on some pittance, or turned out upon the world for her misdeeds in her old age when Mrs. Fennell should die—this was all that she had before her now.

When Mr. Brownlow went back after having fulfilled this duty, he went up stairs into the house instead of going to the office, and with a caprice which he himself scarcely understood, called Powys, who was standing at the door, to follow him. It seemed to him as if, it was so long ago, Powys too must have recovered from his heart-break. He took the young man with him over the silent, empty, echoing house. "This is where I began my married life," he said, stopping on the cold hearth in the drawing-room, and looking round him. It was a pretty old-fashioned room, running all the breadth of the house, with windows at each end, and a perpetual cross-light,

pale at one side, rosy and full of sunshine at the other. It was not a lofty room, like the drawing-room at Brownlows, nor was it rich with gold and dainty colors; but yet there was something in the subdued tone of the old curtains, the old Turkey carpet, the japanned screens and little tables, the old-world look of every thing, which was neither ungraceful nor unrefined. "I am coming back to live here," he said after an interval, with a sigh. He could not tell why he made this confidential communication to the young man, who grew pale, and gazed at him eagerly, and could not find a word to say in reply. Mr. Brownlow was not thinking of Powys's looks, nor of his feelings; he was occupied with himself, as was natural enough; he took the young fellow into his confidence, if that could be called confidence, because he liked him, and had seen more of him than any body else near. What the intelligence might be to Powys Mr. Brownlow did not stop to think; but he went over the house in his company, consulting him about the alterations to be made. Somehow he had returned to his first feeling toward Powys — and he wanted to be kind to him, to make up to him for not being Phœbe Thomson's son; they were fellow-sufferers so far as that was concerned — at least such was the feeling in Mr. Brownlow's mind, though he could not well have explained how.

Later in the afternoon he had some visitors. Altogether it was an exciting day. The first who came to him was Sir Charles Motherwell, who had ridden in from Ridley, where he was staying, to see him, and whose appearance awoke a certain surprise and expectation in Mr. Brownlow's mind; he thought Sara must have accepted him after all. But the baronet's looks did not justify his hope; Sir Charles was very glum, very rueful, and pulled at his moustache more than ever. He came in, and held out his hand, and put down his hat, and then pulled off his gloves and threw them into it, as if he were about to perform some delicate operation; when he had got through all these ceremonies, he sank into the chair which stood ready for Mr. Brownlow's clients, and heaved a profound sigh.

"I thought I'd come and tell you," he said, "though it ain't pleasant news; I tried my luck, as I said I would — not that I've got any luck. She — she — wouldn't hear of it, Brownlow. I'd have done anything in the world she liked to say — you know I would; she might have sold the old place, or done what she pleased; but she wouldn't, you know, not if I'd gone down on my knees — it was all of no use." He had never uttered so many sentences all on end in his life before, poor fellow. He got up now, and walked as far as the office wall would let him, and whistled dolefully, and then he returned to his chair, and breathed another deep sigh. "It was all of no use."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Brownlow — "very sorry; she would have chosen a good

man if she had chosen you; but you know I can't interfere."

"Do you think I want any one to interfere?" said Sir Charles, with momentary resentment. "Look here, Brownlow, I'll tell you how it is; she said she liked some one else better than me — I'd like to wring the fellow's neck!" said the disappointed lover, with a little outburst; "but if there's money, or anything in the way, I thought I might lend him a hand — not in my own name, you know. I suppose a girl ain't the master to like whom she ought to like, no more than I am," said Sir Charles, disconsolately, "but she's got to be given in to, Brownlow. I'd lend him a hand, if that was what was wanting. As long as she's happy and has her way, a man can always pull through."

Mr. Brownlow started a little at this strange speech, but in the end the confused generosity of the speaker carried him out of himself. "You are a good fellow, Motherwell," he said heartily, holding out his hand — "you are the best fellow I know."

"Ah, so she said," said poor Sir Charles, with a hoarse little laugh — he was not bright, poor fellow, but he felt the sarcasm; "I'd a deal rather she had praised me less and liked me more" —

And he ended with another big sigh. Mr. Brownlow had to make himself very uncomfortable by way of discouraging Sir Charles's genosities. He had to protest that he knew no one whom Sara could prefer. He had to say at last peremptorily that it was a matter which he could not discuss, before his anxious and melancholy visitor could be got rid of. It was not a pleasant thought to Mr. Brownlow. He did not like to hear of Sara preferring any man. He could have given her to Charley Motherwell, who would have been her slave, and could have assured her position, and endowed her with a title such as it was; but Sara in love was not an idea pleasant to her father, besides the uneasy wonder who could be the object of her preference. He tried to go back and recollect, but his memory failed him. Then there came a dim vision to his mind of a moment when his child had turned from him — when she had wept and rejected his embrace and his sympathy. How long was that ago? But he did not seem able to tell. It was before — that was all he knew. Everything had happened *since*. He had told her she was free, and she had turned upon him and upbraided him — for what? Years seemed to lie between him and that half-forgotten scene. He tried in vain to resume the thread of his plans and arrangements. In spite of himself his reluctant yet eager thoughts kept going back and back to that day. How long was it since he had thought Powys the heir? How long since the moment of unlooked-for blessedness when he believed himself free? It was on that day that Sara had turned from him and cried — that day when he was so full of comfort, so anxious

to show his gratitude to God — when he had drawn that check for the Masterton charities, which — by the way, how had he distributed the money? Catching at this point of circumstance, Mr. Brownlow made an effort to escape from his recollections. He did not want to recall that foolish premature delight. It might have been years ago, to judge by his feelings; but he knew that could not be the case. It had become late in the afternoon by this time, and the clerks were mostly gone. There was nobody whom he could ask what had been done about the check for the charities; and he had just drawn toward him the dispatch-box with his papers which had been brought from Brownlows with him, to ascertain for himself, when the office-boy came pulling his forelock to ask if he would see a lady who was waiting. Mr. Brownlow said No, at first, for it was past office hours, and then he said Yes, no longer feeling any tremor at the prospect of a strange visitor. He could believe it was a simple client now, not a messenger of fate coming to ruin and betray, as for a long time he had been in the way of feeling. Such ease of mind would be cheaply purchased even with fifty thousand pounds. The lady came in, accordingly, and Mr. Brownlow received her with his usual courtesies, which was, however, a little disturbed when he looked at her. Not that he had any real occasion to be disturbed. A far-off flutter of his past anxieties, a kind of echo, came over him at the sight of her pleasant homely face. He had thought she was Phæbe Thomson the last time he had seen her. He had shrunk from her, and lost his self-possession altogether. Even now a minute had elapsed before he could quite command himself, and remember the real condition of affairs.

"Good day, Mrs. Powys," he said; "I am sorry to have kept you waiting. Why did not you send me word who it was?"

"I thought you might have been engaged, sir," said Mrs. Powys; "I wasn't sure if you would remember me, Mr. Brownlow. I came to you once before, when I was in trouble, and you were very kind — too kind," she added, with a sigh. "No, no, it is not the same thing. If my poor boy has troubles still, he does not hide his heart from me now."

"That is well," said Mr. Brownlow, coldly. He thought some appeal was going to be made to him on behalf of Powys and his folly. Though he was in reality fond of Powys, he stiffened instinctively at the thought. "It is growing late," he went on; "I was just going. Is there any thing in which I can be of use to you?" He laid his hand on his dispatch-box as he spoke. His manner had been very different when he was afraid of her; and yet he was not unkind or unreasonable. She was his clerk's mother; he would have exerted himself, and done much to secure the family any real benefit; but he did not mean that they should thrust themselves into his affairs.

"It is something my poor boy didn't like to

ask," said Mrs. Powys, with a little timidity. "He had offended you that day, or he thought he had offended you; and he would not do any thing to bring it back to your mind. I am sure if he went wrong, Mr. Brownlow, he didn't mean to — There's nothing in this world he would not do for you."

"Went wrong — offended me?" said Mr. Brownlow; "I don't think he ever offended me. What is it he wants? There are certain subjects which I cannot enter upon either with him or you" —

"Oh, not that — not that," said Mrs. Powys, with tears. "If he's been foolish he's punished for it, my poor boy! And he would not ask you for his papers, not to bring it back to your mind. 'Mother,' he said, 'he's worried, and I can't vex him.' He would lose all his own hopes for that. But I'm his mother, Mr. Brownlow. I have a feeling for my son's interests as you have for yours. His papers, poor boy, are no good to you."

"His papers?" said Mr. Brownlow, with amaze, looking at her. For a moment his old confusion of mind came back to him; he could not quite feel yet that Powys's papers could be innocent of all reference to himself.

"My poor husband's letters, sir," said Mrs. Powys, drying her eyes; "the papers he took to you when he thought —; but that is neither here nor there. I've found my poor Charley's mother, Mr. Brownlow; she's living, though she's an old woman. I have been tracing it out to the best of my ability, and I've found her. Likely enough she'll have nothing to say to me. I am but a poor woman, never brought up to be a lady; but it's different with my boy."

"Ah, his papers!" said Mr. Brownlow. This, too, belonged to his previous stage of existence. It was clear that he had to be driven back to that day of vain terror and equally vain relief. It came back to him now in every particular — the packet he had found on his writing-table; his long confused poring over it; his summons to Powys in the middle of the night, and discovery of the mistake he had been making; even the blue dawn of the morning through the great window in the staircase as he went up to bed, a man delivered. All this rushed back on his memory. He took his keys and opened the dispatch-box, which he had been about to open when Mrs. Powys came in. Probably the papers would be there. He began even to recollect what these papers were as he opened the box. "So you have found your husband's family?" he said; "I hope they are in a position to help you. I should be very glad to hear that, for your son's sake."

"You are very kind, Mr. Brownlow," said Mrs. Powys. "I have found my poor Charley's mother. She's old now, poor lady, and she's lost all her children; and at long and last she's bethought herself of us, and wrote a letter to Canada to inquire. I got it sent on

this morning—only this morning. I don't know what she can do for my boy; but she's Lady Powys, and that counts for something here."

"Lady Powys?" cried Mr. Brownlow, looking up with a handful of papers in his hand, and struck with consternation. "She used to live near Masterton; if you knew she was your husband's mother, why did not you apply to her before? Are you sure you are making no mistake? Lady Powys! I had no idea your relations were!"

"My husband was a gentleman, sir," said Mrs. Powys proudly. "He gave up his friends and his family, poor fellow, for me. I don't pretend I was his equal—and it might have been better for him if he'd thought more of himself; but he was always known for a gentleman wherever he went; and my boy is his father's son," said the proud mother. She would have been glad to humble the rich lawyer who had sent her boy away from his house and forbidden him, tacitly at least, his daughter's presence. "We did not know that his grandmamma was a lady of title," she added, with candor. "My poor Charley used to say it was in the family; but his folks have come to it, poor fellow, since his time."

"Lady Powys!" Mr. Brownlow said to himself, with a curious confusion of thoughts. He knew Lady Powys well enough, poor old woman. She had accumulated a ghostly fortune by surviving everybody that belonged to her. He remembered all about her, and the look of scared dismay and despair that came into her eyes as death after death among her own children made her richer, and left her more desolate. And what if this was an heir for her—this young fellow whom he had always liked even in spite of himself? He had always liked him. He was glad to remember that. He sought out his papers with his heart softening more and more. Lady Powys's grandson was a very different person from his nameless Canadian clerk.

"Here they are," he said. "I have been much occupied, and I have never had time to look at them; but I am very glad to hear you have friends who can be of use to you. I know Lady Powys. You should send your boy to her, that would be the best way. And, by the bye, he told me your name was Christian. If you are the same as I suppose, we are a kind of connections too."

Mrs. Powys was so utterly amazed by this statement, that Mr. Brownlow had to enter deeply into details to satisfy her. Possibly he would not have mentioned it at all but for Lady Powys. Such inducements work without a man being aware of them. He said afterward, and he believed, that his reference to the family connection between them was drawn out "in the course of conversation." When she went away, he felt as if there could never cease to be something extraordinary raining down upon him out of heaven. Lady Powys! that was different. And before he closed his dispatch-

box, he looked at his check-book which was there, to see if there were any particulars about the charities on the counter-foil. The first thing that met his eyes was the check itself, left there, never so much as torn out of the book; and, could it be possible, good heavens! it was dated only four days before. When he had mastered this astonishing fact, Mr. Brownlow paused over it a minute, and then tore it into little pieces with a sigh. He could not afford such benefactions now.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PAMELA'S MIND.

THE Brownlow family scarcely met again until after Mrs. Preston's funeral. Sara did not even attempt to leave her forlorn charge, or to bring her away from Mrs. Swayne's on the funeral day. On the first dreary night after all was over the two girls sat alone in the darkened rooms, and clung to each other. Poor little Pamela had no more tears to shed. She looked like the shadow of herself, a white transparent creature, fragile as a vision. She had no questions to ask, no curiosity about anything. She was willing that Sara should arrange and decide, and take everything upon herself. She did not care to know, or even seem to remember, the mysteries her mother had talked of on her death-bed. When Sara began to explain to her, Pamela had stopped the explanation. She had grown pale and faint, and begged that she might hear no more. "I don't want to know," she cried hoarsely, with a kind of sick horror; "if you knew how it changed her, Sara. Oh, if you knew what she used to be!" And then she would burst into fits of sobbing, which shook her delicate frame. It had changed her tender mother into a frantic woman. It had clouded and obscured her at the end, and made her outset on that last lonely journey such a one as Pamela could not dwell upon. And there was nobody but Pamela who would ever know how different she had once been—how different all her life had been to these few days or weeks. Accordingly the poor child allowed herself to be guided as Sara pleased, and obeyed her, to spare herself an explanation. She went into the carriage next morning without a word, and was driven up the avenue to the great house which she had once entered as an humble visitor, and from which she had been so long absent. Now she entered it in very different guise, no longer stealing up the stairs to Sara's room, to wait for her young patroness there. It was she now who was everybody's chief object. Mr. Brownlow himself came to meet her, and lifted her out of the carriage, and kissed her on the forehead like a father. He said, "My poor child!" as he looked at her white little face. And Jack stood behind watching. She saw him and everything round her as in a dream. She did not seem to herself to have any power of independent speech or movement.

When she tried to make a step forward, she staggered and trembled. And then all at once for one moment everything grew clear to Pamela, and her heart once more began to beat. As she made that faltering uncertain step forward, and swayed as if she would have fallen, Jack rushed to her side. He did not say a word, poor fellow; he too had lost his voice—but he drew her arm through his and pressed it trembling to his side, and led her into the place that was to be her home. It was all clear for a moment, and then it was all dark, and Pamela knew no more about it until she woke up sometime later and found herself lying on a sofa in a large, lofty, quiet room. She woke up to remember her troubles anew, and to feel all afresh as at the first moment, but yet her life was changed. Her heart was wounded and bleeding with more than mere natural grief—she was alone in the world. Yet there was a certain sweetness—a balm in the air—a soothing she knew not what or how. He had carried her there and laid her down out of his arms, and kissed her in her swoon, with an outburst of love and despair. It seemed to him as if he ought to leave her and go away and be seen no more—but yet he was not going to leave her. His principles and his pride gave way in one instant before her wan little face. How could any man with a heart in his breast desert such a tender fragile creature in the moment of her necessity? Jack went out and wandered about the woods after that, and spoke to nobody. He began to see, after all, that a man cannot arbitrarily decide on his own conduct; that, in fact, a hundred little softening or hardenings—a multitude of unforeseen circumstances are always coming in. And he ventured to make no new resolutions; only time could decide what he was to do.

When Pamela had rested for a few days, and regained her self-command, and become capable of looking at the people who surrounded her, Mr. Brownlow, who considered an explanation necessary, called together a solemn meeting of everybody concerned. It was Sara's desire too, for Sara felt the responsibilities of her guardianship great, and was rather pleased that they should be recognized. They met round the fire in the drawing-room, as Pamela was not able yet to go down stairs. Mr. Brownlow's dispatch-box in which he had kept his papers lately was brought up and put on the table; and Jack was there, not sitting with the rest, but straying about the other end of the room in an agitated way, looking at the pictures, which he knew by heart. He had scarcely exchanged a word with Pamela since she came to Brownlows. They had never seen each other alone. It was what he had himself thought proper and necessary under the circumstances, but still it chafed him notwithstanding. Pamela sat by the fire in her deep mourning, looking a little more like herself. Her chair was close to the bright fire, and she held out her hands to it with a nervous shiver. Sara too was in a black dress, and stood on the other

side, looking down with a certain affectionate importance upon her ward. She was very sorry for Pamela, and deeply aware of the change which had taken place in the circumstances of all the party. But Sara was Sara still. She was very tender, but she was important. She felt the dignity of her position; and she did not mean that any one should forget how dignified and authoritative that position was.

"Papa, I have brought Pamela as you told me," said Sara; "but there must not be too much said to her. She is not strong enough yet. Only what is indispensable must be said."

"I will try not to weary her," said Mr. Brownlow, and then he went to Pamela's side in his fatherly way, and took one of her chilly little hands. "My dear," he said, "I have some things to speak of that must be explained to you. You must know clearly why you have been brought here, and what are your prospects, and the connection between us. You have been very brave, and have trusted us, and I thank you; but you must hear how it is. Tell me if I tire you; for I have a great deal to say."

"Indeed I am quite content, quite content!" cried Pamela; "why should you take all this trouble? You brought me here because you are very kind. It is I who have to thank you."

"That is what she wants to think," said Sara. "I told her we were not kind, but she will not believe me. She prefers her own way."

"Oh, please!" said poor little Pamela; "it is not for my own way. If you liked me, that would be the best. Yes, that was what I wanted to think"—

She broke off faltering, and Jack, who had been at the other end of the room, and whom her faint little voice could not have reached, found himself, he did not know how, at the back of her chair. But he did not speak—he could not speak, his lips were sealed.

"You must not be foolish, Pamela," said her guardian, solemnly; "of course we love you, but that has nothing to do with it. Listen to papa, and he will tell you everything. Only let me know when you are tired."

Then Mr. Brownlow tried again. "You are quite right," he said, soothing the trembling girl; "in every case this house would have been your proper shelter. Do you know you are Sara's cousin, one of her relations? Perhaps that will be a comfort to you. Long ago, before you were born, your grandmother, whom you never saw, made a will, and left her money to me in trust for your mother. My poor child! She is not able to be spoken to yet."

"Oh, no, I am not able, I will never be able," cried Pamela, before any one else could interfere. "I don't want ever to hear of it. Oh, Mr. Brownlow, if I am Sara's cousin, let me stay with her, and never mind any more. I don't want any more."

"But there must be more, my dear child," said Mr. Brownlow, again taking her cold little hand into his. "I will wait, if you prefer it, till you are stronger. But we must go through this explanation, Pamela, for everybody's sake. Would you rather it should be on another day?"

She paused before she answered, and Sara, who was watching her, saw, without quite understanding, a pathetic appealing glance which Pamela cast behind her. Jack would have understood, but he did not see. And though he was still near her, he was not, as he had been for a moment, at the back of her chair. Pamela paused as if she were waiting for help. "If there was any one you could say it to for me"—she said, hesitating; and then the sudden tears came dropping over her white cheeks. "I forgot I was alone and had nobody," she continued, in a voice which wrung her lover's heart. "I will try to listen now."

Then Mr. Brownlow resumed. He told her the story of the money truly enough, and with hearty belief in his story, yet setting everything, as was natural, in its best light. He was not excusing himself, but he was unconsciously using all his power to show how naturally every thing had happened, how impossible it was that he could have foreseen, and how anxious he had always been for news of the heir. It was skillfully told, and yet Mr. Brownlow did not mean it to be skillful. Now that it was all over, he had forgotten many things that told against himself, and his narrative was not for Pamela only, but for his own children. His children listened with so great an interest, that they did not for the moment observe Pamela. She sat with her hands clasped on her knees, bending forward toward the fire. She gave no sign of interest, but listened passively without a change on her face. She was going through an inevitable and necessary trial. That was all. Her thoughts strayed away from it. They strayed back into the beaten paths of grief; they strayed into wistful wonderings why Jack did not answer her; why he did not assume his proper place, and act for her as he ought to do. Could he have changed? Pamela felt faint and sick as that thought mingled with all the rest. But still she could bear it, whatever might be required of her. It was simply a matter of time. She would listen, but she had never promised to understand. Mr. Brownlow's voice went on like the sound of an instrument in her ears. He was speaking of things she knew nothing about, cared nothing about. Jack would have understood, but Jack had not undertaken this duty for her. Even Sara, no doubt, would understand. And Pamela sat quiet, and looked as if she were listening. That was all that could be expected of her. At last there came certain words that roused her attention in spite of herself.

"My poor child, I don't want to vex you," Mr. Brownlow said; "if your mother had lived we should probably have gone to law, for she would have accepted no compromise, and I

should have been obliged to defend myself. You inherit all her rights, but not her prejudices, Pamela. You must try to understand what I am saying. You must believe that I mean you well, that I will deal honourably with you. If she had done so, she might have been"—

Pamela started up to her feet, taking them all utterly by surprise. "I don't want to know any thing about it," she cried. "Oh, you don't know, you don't know! It changed her so. She was never like that before. She was as kind, and as tender, and as soft! There never was any one like her. You don't know what she was! It changed her. Oh, Jack," cried the poor girl, turning round to him and holding out her hands in appeal, "you can tell! She never was like that before. You know she never was like that before!"

Sara had rushed to Pamela's aid before Jack. She supported her in her arms, and did all she could to soothe her. "We know that," she said, with the ready unquestioning partisanship of a woman. "I can tell. I have seen her. Dear Pamela, don't tremble so. We were all fond of her; sit down and listen to papa."

Then poor Pamela sat down again to undergo the rest of her trial. She dried her eyes and grew dull and stupid in her mind, and felt the words flowing on without any meaning in them. She could bear it. They could not insist upon her understanding what they meant. When Mr. Brownlow came to an end there followed a long pause. They expected she would say something, but she had nothing to say; her head was dizzy with the sound that had been in her ears so long. She sat in the midst of them, all waiting and looking at her, and was silent. Then Mr. Brownlow touched her arm softly, and bent over her with a look of alarm in his eyes.

"Pamela," he said, "you have heard all? You know what I mean? My dear, have you nothing to say?"

Pamela sat upright and looked round the room, and shook off his hand from her arm. "I have nothing to say," she cried, with a petulant outburst of grief and wretchedness, "if *he* has nothing. He was to have done every thing for me. He has said so hundreds and hundreds of times. But now—And how can I understand? Why does not he speak and say he has given me up, if he has given me up? And what does it all matter to me? Let me go away."

"I give you up!" cried Jack. He made but one step to her from the other end of the room, and caught her as she turned blindly to the door. It was with a flush of passion and confusion that he spoke. "I give you up? Not for my life."

"Then why don't you speak for me, and tell them?" cried Pamela, with the heat of momentary desperation. Then she sank back upon his supporting arm. She had no need now to pretend to listen any longer. She closed her eyes when they laid her on the sofa,

and laid down her head with a certain pleasant helplessness. "Jack knows," she said softly. It was to herself rather than to others she spoke. But the words touched them all in the strangest way. As for Jack, he stood and looked at her with an indescribable face. Man as he was, he could have wept. The petulance, the little outburst of anger, the blind trust and helplessness broke up all the restraints in which he had bound himself. In a moment he had forgotten all his confused reasonings. Natural right was stronger than any thing conventional. Of course it was he who ought to speak for her — ought to act for her. Sara's guardianship, somewhat to Sara's surprise, came to an instant and summary end.

Mr. Brownlow was as much relieved as Pamela, and as glad as she was when the conference thus came to an end. He would have done his duty to her now in any circumstances, however difficult it might have been, but Jack's agency of course made every thing easier. They talked it all over afterward apart, without the confusing presence of the two girls; and Jack had his own opinions, his own ideas on that subject as on most others. It was all settled about the fifty thousand pounds, and the changed life that would be possible to the heiress and her husband. Jack's idea was, that he would take his little bride abroad, and show her every thing, and accustom her to her altered existence, which was by no means a novel thought. And on his return he would be free to enter upon public life, or any thing else he pleased. But he was generous in his prosperity. His sister had been preferred to him all his life — was she to be sacrificed to him now? He interfered, with that natural sense of knowing best, which comes so easily to a young man, and especially to one who has just had a great and unlooked-for success in the world — on Sara's behalf.

"I don't like to think of Sara being the sufferer," he said. "I feel as if Pamela was exacting every thing, or I at least on her behalf. It would not be pleasant either for her or me to feel so. I don't think we are considering Sara as much as we ought."

Mr. Brownlow smiled. He might have been offended had he not been amused. That any one should think of defending his darling from his thoughtlessness! "Sara is going with me," he said.

"But she can not carry on the business," insisted Jack. "Pamela's claims are mine now. I am not going to stand by and see Sara suffer."

"She shall not suffer," said Mr. Brownlow, with impatience; and he rose and ended the consultation. By degrees a new and yet an old device had stolen into his mind. He had repulsed and shut it out, but it had come back like a pertinacious fairy shedding a curious light over his path. He could not have told whether he most liked or disliked this old-new thought. But he cherished it secretly, and never permitted himself to breathe a word about it to any one. And under its influence it began

to seem possible to him that all might be for the best, as people say — that Brownlows might melt away like a vision and yet nobody suffer. Sara was going to Masterton with her father to the old house in which she was born. She had refused Sir Charles and his title, and all the honors and delights he could have given her. Perhaps another kind of reward which she could prize more might be awaiting her. Perhaps, indeed — it was just possible — she might like better to be happy and make every body happy round her, than to have a fine house and a pair of greys. Mr. Brownlow felt that such an idea was almost wicked on his part, but yet it would come, thrilling him with anticipations which were brighter than any visions he had ventured to entertain for many a long year. "Sara is going with me," he said to every body who spoke to him on the subject. And grew a little irritated when he perceived the blank looks with which every body received the information. He forgot that he had thought it the most dreadful downfall that could overwhelm him once. That was not his opinion now.

Brownlows lost its agitated aspect from the moment when Mr. Brownlow and Jack came out of the library, having finished their consultation. Jack went off, whistling softly, taking three steps at a time, to the drawing-room, where Pamela still lay on the sofa under Sara's care. Mr. Brownlow remained down stairs, but when he rung for lights the first glance at him satisfied Willis that all was right. Nothing was said, but every body knew that the crisis was over; and in a moment every thing fell, as if by magic, into its usual current. Willis went down to his cellar very quietly and brought the plate out of it, feeling a little ashamed of himself. And though the guests were dismissed, the house regained its composure, its comfort, and almost its gaiety. The only thing was that the family had lost a relation, whose daughter had come to live at Brownlows — and were in mourning accordingly — a fact which prevented parties, or any special merry-making, when Christmas came.

Though indeed before Christmas came the little invalid of the party — she whom they all petted, and took care of — began to come out from behind the clouds with the natural elasticity of her youth. Pamela would shut herself up for a whole day now and then, full of remorse and compunction, thinking she had not enough wept. But she was only eighteen — her health was coming back to her — she was surrounded by love and tenderness, and saw before her, daily growing brighter and brighter, all the promises and hopes of a new life. It was not in nature that sorrow should overcome all these sweet influences. She brightened like a star over which the clouds come and go, and at every break shone sweeter, and got back the roses to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes. It was a pretty sight to watch her coming out of the shadows, and so Jack thought, who was waiting for her and counting the weeks. When the ice was bearing on Dewsbury Mere — which

was rather late that year, for it was in the early spring that the frosts were hardest — he took her by the crisp frozen paths across the park to see the skaters. The world was all white, and Pamela stood in her mourning, distinct against the snow, leaning on Jack's arm. As they stood and looked on, the carrier's cart came lumbering along toward the Mere. Hobson walked before cracking his whip, with his red comforter, which was very effective in the frosty landscape; and the breath of the horses rose like steam into the chill air. Pamela and Jack looked at each other. They said both together, "You remember?" Little more than a year before they had looked at each other there for the first time. The carrier's cart had been coming and going daily, and was no wonder to behold; and Hobson could not have been more surprised had the coin spun down upon his head out of the open sky, than he was when Jack tossed a sovereign at him as he passed. "For bringing me my little wife," he said; but this was not in Hobson's, but in Pamela's ear.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

WITHIN six months all these changes had actually taken place, occasioning a greater amount of gossip and animadversion in the county than any other modern event has been known to do. Even that adventure of young Keppel's of Ridley, when he ran away with the heiress, was nothing to it. Running away with heiresses, if you only can manage it, is a natural enough proceeding. But when a family melts somehow out of the position it has held for many years, and glides uncomplainingly into a different one, and gives no distinct explanation, the neighbourhood has naturally reason to feel aggrieved. There was nothing sudden or painful about the change. For half a year or so they all continued very quietly at Brownlows, seeing few people by reason of Pamela's mourning, yet not rejecting the civilities of their friends; and then Pamela and Jack were married. Nobody knew very distinctly who she was. It was a pretty name, people said, and not a common name — not like the name of a girl he had picked up in the village, as some others suggested; and if that had been the case, was it natural that his father and sister should have taken up his bride so warmly, and received her into their house? Yet why should they have received her into their house? Surely she must have some friends. When the astounding events which followed became known, the county held its breath, and not without reason. As soon as the stir of the wedding was over, and the young people departed, it became known suddenly one morning that Mr. Brownlow and his daughter had driven down quietly in the carriage with the greys for the last time, and had settled

themselves — heaven knew why! — in the house at Masterton for good. Brownlows was not to be sold: it was to be Jack's habitation when he came home, or in the mean time, while he was away, it might be let if a satisfactory tenant should turn up. There was no house in the county more luxuriously fitted up or more comfortable; and many people invented friends who were in want of a house simply in order to have an excuse for going over it, and investigating all its details, unsubdued by the presence of any the owners. And Sara Brownlow had gone to Masterton! — she, the young princess, for whom nothing was too good — who had taken all the dignities of her position as mistress of her father's house so naturally — and who was as little like a Masterton girl, shut up in an old-fashioned town house, as can be conceived. How was she to bear it? Why should Jack have a residence which was so manifestly beyond his means and beyond his wants? Why should Mr. Brownlow deprive himself, at his age — a man still in the vigor and strength of life — of the handsome house and style of living he had been used to? It was a subject very mysterious to the neighborhood. For a long time no little assemblage of people could get together anywhere near without a discussion of these circumstances; and yet there was no fuss made about the change, and none of the parties concerned had a word of complaint or lamentation to say.

But when the two, who thus exiled themselves out of their paradise, were in the carriage together driving away after all the excitements of the period — after having seen Jack and his bride go forth into the world from their doors only two days before — Mr. Brownlow's heart suddenly misgave him. They were rolling out of the familiar gates at the moment, leaving old Betty dropping her courtesy at the roadside. It was difficult to keep from an involuntary glance across the road to Mrs. Swayne's cottage. Was it possible to believe that all this was over forever, and a new world begun? He looked at Sara in all her spring bravery — as bright, as fearless, as full of sweet presumption and confidence as ever — nestled into the corner of the carriage, which seemed her natural position, and casting glances of involuntary supervision and patronage around her, as became the queen of the place. He looked at her, and thought of the house in the High Street, and his heart misgave him. How could she bear it? Had she not miscalculated her strength?

"Sara," he said, taking her hand in his, as he sat by her side, "this will be a hard trial for you — you don't know how hard it will be."

Sara looked round at him, having been busy with very different thoughts. "What will be a hard trial?" she said. "Leaving Brownlows? oh, yes! especially if it is let; but that can only be temporary, you know, papa. Jack and Pamela don't mean to stay away forever."

"But your reign is over forever, my poor child," said Mr. Brownlow; and he clasped her hand between his, and patted and caressed it.

"When Pamela comes back it will be a very different matter. You are saying farewell, my darling, to all your past life."

When he said this, Sara stood up in the carriage suddenly, and looked back at Brownlows, and across the field to where the spire of Dewsbury church rose up among the scanty foliage of the trees. She waved her hand to them with a pretty gesture of leave-taking. "Then farewell to all my past life!" said Sara, gayly. She had a tear in her eye, but that she managed to hide. "I like the present best of all. Papa, you must be satisfied that I am most happy with you."

With him! was that indeed the explanation of all? Mr. Brownlow looked at her anxiously, but he could not penetrate into the mysteries that lay under Sara's smile. If she thought of some one else besides her father, his thoughts too were travelling in the same direction. Thus they took possession of the house in the High Street. Whether Sara suffered from the change nobody could tell. She was full of delight in the novelty and all the quaint half-remembered details of the old family house. She was never done making discoveries — old portraits, antique bits of furniture — things that had been considered old-fashioned lumber, but which, under her touch, became gracious heir-looms and relics of the past. Old Lady Motherwell, having recovered her temper, took the lead in visiting the fallen princess. The old lady felt that a sign of her approval was due to the girl who had been so considerate and Christian-minded as to refuse Sir Charles when she lost her fortune. She went full of condolences, and found to her consternation nothing but gayety. Sara was so full of the excellence and beauty of her new surroundings that she was incapable of any other thought. Even Lady Motherwell allowed that her satisfaction was either real or so very cleverly feigned as to be as good as real; and the county finally grew bewildered, and asked itself whether the removal was really a downfall at all, or simply a new caprice on the part of a capricious girl, whose indulgent father could never say her nay?

All the time Powys kept steadily at work. Six months had passed, and he had seen her only in the company of others. They had never met alone since that moment in the dining-room at Brownlows, when Sara's fortitude had given way, and he had comforted her. In the mean time his position too had changed. Old Lady Powys, who once had lived near Masterton, had put the whole matter into Mr. Brownlow's hands. She had written volumes of letters to him, and required from him not only investigation into the circumstances, but full details, moral and physical, about her son's family — their looks, their manners, their character, everything about them. It is too late to introduce Lady Powys here; perhaps an occasion may arise for presenting her ladyship to the notice of persons interested in her grand-

son's fortunes. She was as much a miser as was consistent with the character and habits of a great lady; if, indeed, she was not, as she asserted herself to be, a poor woman. But anyhow she was prepared to do her duty toward her grandchildren. She had little to leave them, she declared. All the family possessions were in the hands of Sir Alberic Powys, her other grandson, who was like his mother's family, and no favorite with the old lady; but her poor Charley's son should have something if she had any interest left; and as for the girls and their mother, she had a cottage vacant in her own immediate neighborhood, where they could live and be educated. Mr. Brownlow, for the moment, kept the greater part of this information to himself. He said nothing about it to his daughter. He did not even profess to notice the wistful looks which Sara, sometimes in spite of herself, cast at the office. He never invited Powys, though he was so near at hand; and the young man himself, still more tantalized and doubtful than Sara, did not yet venture to storm the castle in which his princess was confined. She saw him from her window sometimes, and knew what the look meant which he directed wistfully at the house, scanning it all over, as if every red brick in its wall, and every shining twinkling pane, had become precious to him. Perhaps such a moment of suspense has a certain secret sweetness in it, if not to the man involved, at least to the woman, who is in no doubt about the devotion she inspires, and knows that she can reward it when she so pleases. Perhaps Sara had come to be tacitly aware that no opposition was to be expected from her father. Perhaps it was a sudden impulse of mingled compassion and impatience which moved her at last.

For there came a day on which the two met face to face, without the presence of witnesses. Sara was coming in from a walk. She was arrayed in bright muslin, clouds of white, with tinges of rosy colour, and the sunshine outside caught the ripple of gold in her hair under her hat, just as it had done the day Powys saw her first and followed her up the great staircase at Brownlows to see the Claude. She had time to see him approaching, and to make up her mind what she should do; and found an excuse for lingering ten minutes at least on the broad step at the front door, talking with some passer-by. And old Willis, who had more to do in the High Street than he had at Brownlows, had grown tired of waiting, and had left the door open behind her.

Sara was standing all alone on the threshold when Powys came up. His heart too was beating loud. The sun was in the west, and she was standing in the full blaze of the light, with one hand on the open door. Powys was too much excited to think of the fine images that might have been appropriate to the occasion. He stopped short when he came to the steps which alone parted her from him. He had his hat off, and his face was flushed and anxious.

There was a moment's pause — a pause during which the world and their hearts stood still, and the very breath failed upon their lips. And even then she did nothing that she might not have done to a common acquaintance, as people say. She made a step back into the house, and then she held out her hand to him. "It is so long since I have seen you — come in!" said Sara. And Powys made but one stride, and was within beside her. He closed the door, thrusting it to with his disengaged arm; and I suppose it was time.

When Sara stood in the sunshine, blinded

with the light, blushing like a rose, and said "Come in!" to her lover, she knew very well, of course, that she had decided her fate. The picture was so pretty that it was disconcerting to have it shut out all at once by the impetuous young fellow who went in like a bomb, blazing and ardent, and thrust to the door upon that act of taking possession. The sunshine went in with them in a momentary flood. The clouds and the storms and the difficulties were over. I think that here the historian's office ends: — there is no more to say.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

LET cynics scoff and worldlings sneer,
And cold aristocrats condemn;
Their censure weighed not in her ear,
Her counsel was not ta'en with them.

A wiser, womanlier thought
Whispered within her woman's heart: —
"They that my solace would have wrought,
They in my grief shall have their part.

"The love I mourn, for whom I go
In mourning, ever, to the end,
What England lost in him they know,
How sure a guide, how firm a friend;

"But what the loss the wife, and Queen,
Had in that nature, pure and sweet,
That judgment, steady and serene,
That counsel swift all needs to meet,

"That light of joy within the home,
That fount of peace beside the hearth,
That gravity, which ne'er was gloom,
That glee as pure as maiden's mirth —

"All this my people cannot know,
All this I only can make known,
That they may gauge the joy and woe
I knew with him, now know alone.

"So my past life, my walks and ways,
The wife's and mother's, not the Queen's,
My treasured tale of happier days,
My record of love-hallowed scenes,

"I'll open to my people's eyes,
And therein bid them take their part,
That they may weigh the weight that lies
On my lone life and widowed heart.

"Till feeling what my joy has been,
They feel how vast my grief must be:
And, when my treasure they have seen,
May measure what its loss to me."

What Queen like this was ever known,
To take her people to her heart?
When was Queen's household-life so shown
With modest truth and artless art?

The Royal Widow has done well
Thus on her people's love to call,
Her simple wifely tale to tell,
And trust her joys and griefs to all.

Ne'er since VICTORIA felt the Crown
A weight upon her girlish brow,
Have Heaven's best blessings been called down
About her path, as they are now.

— Punch.

From The Saturday Review, Jan. 18.

THE CLOSE OF THE ALABAMA CORRESPONDENCE.

THE correspondence between the British and American Governments with regard to the *Alabama* claims has at length been closed. There is nothing further to be said, for Lord STANLEY declines to extend the proposed arbitration so as to include the recognition of the South as a belligerent Power, and Mr. SEWARD thinks the whole arbitration worthless unless this is included. It is very much to be regretted that this difference of opinion has arisen; and, as the negotiation has been brought to a close by the refusal of England to accede to what has been asked of her, we ought to be especially anxious to assure ourselves that the course she has taken is the right and wise one. She says that, willing as she is to meet the United States on every possible point, she cannot refer the particular point in question to arbitration. But this raises a subject of considerable importance and of very great difficulty. What is the true scope of international arbitration, and what questions ought a nation jealous of its honour, yet sincerely anxious to live in peace and friendship with other nations, to be ready to refer to arbitration; and, further, what kind of questions is it possible that an arbitrator should decide, and what kind of decisions can he give? Or, to confine ourselves to the particular case before us, what are the reasons which should sway England when she is asked to refer to arbitration the question whether she was right in recognising so very promptly the belligerent character of the Confederates? And, at the outset, we may say that one or two of the reasons that will most naturally occur to any one thinking over the matter will be found, on further reflection, to be invalid. It may be said, that we were obviously right to recognise the South as a belligerent Power because the North at once subjected our vessels bound for Southern ports to the consequences of a breach of blockade. But this is only an argument to show that we were right. It is one of the principal topics on which we should insist before an arbitrator, but it cannot be said that we will not refer to arbitration any case which we think strongly in our favour. A reference to arbitration is merely an offer to prove to the satisfaction of an impartial and competent judge that we are in the right, and if we have an argument which is conclusive, we may all the more readily go before such a judge. Then, again, it may seem as if it were un-

fair and injurious to the dignity of England that she should be singled out and called to account for doing that which many other nations did also. France was prompt enough in recognising the South as a belligerent Power, and, as it is well known, wished subsequently to lead the way in going much further, and recognising the South as a Power that had actually established itself, and with which diplomatic relations might be instituted. Why should not France be asked to refer her conduct to arbitration? and if France is not held responsible, is not England made the object of an exceptional hostility which she ought to resent? The answer to this seems to be that the conduct of England, and of England alone, led to practical consequences of a character which the Americans think injurious to them. The *Alabama*, and vessels of her class, did sail from England, and did not sail from France. If a number of persons in the street quarrel and throw stones, they all break the peace; but if the stone of one of them happens to break a window, he is naturally arrested as the principal offender. The Americans may say that it is a much more serious act for a free Government like that of England to treat rebels as belligerents, than for a despotic government like that of France to take the same course, and that the history of what happened shows this to be the case, for the English Government, as a matter of fact, did not, while the French Government did, keep an effective watch over its ports. This argument seems a just one, for in every department of human life we have to recognise that, of two men who pursue the same line of conduct, that one must suffer the severer retribution whose acts happen to lead to the worse results.

In almost every possible dispute the true way of ascertaining the strength and weakness of our own case is to place distinctly before us all that a calm and dispassionate adversary would have to say on the other side. How would an American jurist argue his case? His general reasoning would probably be something of this sort. The recognition of rebels as belligerents is confessedly, and always must be, an act adverse and unfriendly to the Power against which the rebellion is taking place; and all nations have shown this hitherto by the hesitation they have displayed in granting this recognition, or by the distinctly hostile attitude they have assumed when granting it. It was a very long time before France recognised the revolted colonies of England, and when she did so, she at the same time

appeared as their ally in arms. The revolution in the American colonies of Spain had been going on for years before CANNING recognised them in any way, and when he did so he avowedly wished to annoy and baffle the Government of Spain, and the other reactionary Governments by which it was supported. These were cases in which the recognition was a recognition of rebel Powers, as not only belligerent, but established. But the mere recognition of rebels as belligerents is an encouragement which friendly Powers are generally very slow to give. Hungary not only revolted from Austria, but revolted so successfully that Austria only overcame the rebellion by the aid of a foreign Power, and yet England never recognised Hungary as a belligerent. It may be said that this was because Austria and Hungary were so placed geographically that England had nothing to do with them, and that there was no intercourse between England and Hungary the character of which, after the rebellion had broken out, it was necessary to fix, whereas trade and communication between England and the ports of the Southern States had been constant. But this argument may be turned exactly the other way, and it may be said that it was precisely because the South had so many intricate relations with England, and because it was so easy and natural for Englishmen, in conjunction with the many Southerners resident in England, to fit out vessels like the *Alabama*, that the prompt recognition of the belligerent character of the South acted so perniciously, in the South and in England, as regards the interests of the United States Government. It may be true that the enforcement of a blockade against English vessels imposed on England the necessity of taking the position of a neutral. But the recognition of the South had, in point of fact, nothing to do with the blockade. When Lord RUSSELL announced that the Southerners would be treated as belligerents, he did not know that the blockade was to be instituted, and it is the case of the Americans, not that this recognition was in itself unjustifiable, but that it was made so very promptly, and with such an appearance of anxiety to give the South every possible chance. After it had become known that a blockade had been instituted, England, if she had been a really friendly Power, might have pointed out that a persistence in the blockade must force foreign Governments to declare themselves neutral, and then, if the North had chosen to continue the blockade, it would have had nothing to complain of. And this hasty

recognition of the South was practically connected with the fitting out of the *Alabama*. It instilled the belief into ship-builders that the English Government would proceed very calmly in interrupting their operations on behalf of the South. Nine-tenths of the Conservative party and a large section of the adherents of the Ministry were zealous partisans of the Confederates, and the escape of the *Alabama* may be in a great measure attributed to the fact that the majority of Englishmen then saw nothing very much to regret in her escaping. If a rebellion broke out in Ireland, and the American Government immediately recognised the Irish as belligerents, and Irish privateers immediately issued from American ports, England would at once put the two things together, and would say that the Government of the United States was taking a studiously unfriendly course in order to revenge itself for the past action of England, and in order to please the large number of Irishmen in America. In order that relations of real friendship should be re-established, England would wish that America should purge herself generally of the hostile character she had assumed. And it happens that, in the case as it now stands between the two countries, an arbitrator would be able to express his opinion on this point in a precise and intelligible way. He would not be compelled to limit himself to a vague opinion that England had not been so friendly as might have been wished, but he would fix a particular sum to be paid as compensation for the losses inflicted by the *Alabama*; and the imposition of this penalty, if he thought proper to impose it, would be a very convenient form of expressing an opinion on the whole policy of England, without making it necessary to add comments of a kind painful for England to hear.

That many of these arguments might be refuted may be very true, but, when the case is stated as a whole, can any impartial Englishmen say that it makes absolutely no impression on them? If we can conceive any case at all parallel occurring, should we do again as we did then? Supposing the Rhenish, Polish and newly-annexed provinces of Prussia were to revolt, should we immediately, without waiting scarcely a day, declare that we would treat the rebels as belligerents, on the ground that our large interests in the German and Baltic trade forbade delay? If new *Alabamas* escaped out of our ports, would not Prussia see a continuous stream of unfriendliness running through the acts of a nation on whose friendliness it

might have thought it could rely? Looking back on the whole history of our dealings with America during the civil war, it is not going very far to own that we made some mistakes through an honest and natural ignorance. We tried in good faith to apply the few precedents we could find in textbooks, and did not see at once that these precedents were too few and too petty to guide us. When we promptly recognised the South, it did not strike us seriously that we too might have rebellions which we should be very anxious no foreign Power should encourage. When the *Alabama* escaped, we did not at once perceive that British commerce was lamentably endangered by the precedent. All was so new to us that we could not make up our minds what to do. It was illegal to detain the rams, but they were detained, with general approbation. It would have been possibly in some sense illegal to have detained the vessels that happened to escape, as soon as they re-entered any British port; but this was not done, although it may now seem as if it would have been the wiser course to have detained them. We were in a position of great difficulty, and the Americans might be brought to recognise that, from the similarity of their institutions and laws, they would have had, in parallel circumstances, the same difficulties to encounter. But if we wish them to understand our case we must show that we have tried to understand their case, and if, on reflection, we think we were wrong on any point we must not be ashamed to own our mistakes. Still, we cannot see how arbitration could help us in the matter. If we were induced to think ourselves wrong in our immediate recognition of the South, the simplest way would be to say so, and even at this eleventh hour the whole subject might perhaps be advantageously brought once more before the House of Commons this Session. But what could an arbitrator do? How could he possibly pass an opinion to which we should bow? The King of HOLLAND would perhaps be as good an arbitrator as we could wish. And what would be some of the chief questions that the King of HOLLAND would have to settle? In the first place, we in England were never clear that the secession of the South was rebellion at all, for up to the moment of the outbreak of the civil war the leading statesmen of the North had pronounced that, if the South would go, it must be allowed to go. Is the King of HOLLAND to examine into the theory of the American Constitution? In order to have given the North the security they wanted, we should have had to change our

municipal law either expressly or, as we afterwards did, tacitly. Is the King of HOLLAND to pronounce whether at any given moment an English Ministry could have ventured on the experiment? The constant assertion of the Americans is that the recognition of the South as belligerents and the escape of the *Alabama* were both indirectly due to the hostility of the English governing classes to a democracy. Is the King of HOLLAND to set himself to gauge the past feelings of English noblemen and squires? Arbitration cannot touch issues such as these. It is only in place when there is a distinct point to be decided on distinct evidence. In the interpretation of treaties, for example, an arbitrator may be invaluable. Our long-standing dispute with the United States about the fisheries might have been, for example, referred very properly to an arbitrator; but no foreign Power can decide on the large vague issues to decide on which makes a part of the life of a great nation. No arbitrator could decide whether the MONROE doctrine ought to have been applied to drive the French out of Mexico, or whether the Italians are right in claiming Rome as their capital. It is not by arbitration that we can get to daylight in our present embarrassment. We must make up our own minds after mature reflection — after more reflection, we think, than has yet been bestowed — and then we must let the matter rest as it is, or, if we come to entertain new views, we must candidly announce them.

MR. EDITOR. — The following exquisite lines were written some fifty years ago by an early friend, the late Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, of Baltimore, afterwards of Georgia — they were published in the newspapers at the time : —

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
And ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die.
But on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see —
But none shall weep a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail — its date is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away.
Yet ere that life shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree —
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print, which feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
This track shall vanish from the sand.
Yet as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race. —
On that lone shore, loud moans the sea —
But none shall e'er lament for me.

Soon after their publication, a friend of the author translated them into Latin verse, which he published in some magazine, with a fanciful story of their having been found years ago, among some old manuscripts in a monastery in Asia. Mr. Wilde was thereupon accused of plagiarism, and to defend him from such a charge, his friend was obliged to declare himself the author of the Latin translation.

Some years ago the well known Captain Basil Hall, in one of his books of travels, relates an account of his visit, with his family, to the Countess of Purgstall, at her Castle in Styria; one evening the Countess recited those lines to her guests. The Captain concluded they were her own verses, and having obtained a copy he published them in his book, claiming the authorship for the lady.

The Countess of Purgstall was the Scottish lady to whom it was supposed Sir Walter Scott had formed an attachment in his early life.

I send you also the beautiful *Response* written by the late Mrs. Dr. Buckler, of Baltimore, a lady distinguished for her literary attainments.

RESPONSE.

The dews of night may fall from heaven
Upon the withered rose's bed,
And tears of fond regret be given
To mourn the virtues of the dead.

But morning's breeze the dews will dry:
Soon fades the tear in sorrow's eye,
Soon friendship's pangs are lulled to sleep,

And even *Love* forgets to weep.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf,
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,
And friends may pour the sighs of grief,
O'er those that sleep within the tomb:

But soon will Spring restore its flowers,
And time will bring more smiling hours:
In friendship's heart all grief will die,
And even *Love* forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore
Lament each trace it wears away:
The lonely heart its wail may pour
O'er cherished friendship's fast decay.

But when all trace is lost and gone,
The waves dance bright and lightly on,
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
And even *Love* forgets to mourn.

— *Newport Mercury*.

MILTON IN GREEK.

Lord Littleton has just translated *Samson Agonistes* in Greek verse.

We are delighted that so great and necessary a work has been at last accomplished. The world has long demanded a copy of *Samson Agonistes* in Greek verse. There has been a void in literature. Men of taste have felt the lack of a Greek version of Milton's work. English is so disagreeably plain — too "evident," in fact, for the man of true culture. Everybody reads English; everybody can't read *Samson Agonistes* in Greek verse. As for ourselves, it is a matter of convenience. We have become so accustomed to thinking in Greek, and have confined our reading so exclusively to the Greek poets — except when we have amused ourselves now and then with a dash of Hebrew, or a *morceau* of Sanscrit wit — that it has really become an exertion to read a piece of English verse. The mind does not readily catch the meaning — the idiom of the language is so different from what one is accustomed to.

We must again express our unfeigned delight that one man, at least, has been able to cast aside the less important duties of real life and devote himself to the translation of Milton into Greek. Most men in England are so distracted by questions of the moment — the poor, manhood suffrage, Ireland, Christianity, the Eastern question, the Alabama claims, the temporal power, Abyssinia, and a thousand other matters — that they have not had time to translate Milton into Greek verse. Many, we fear, are so distracted by these transitory questions that they will not have time so much as to read Milton in this shape; many have so little culture that they will find the English version more interesting than the Greek; others have so little taste that they will prefer the Anglo-Saxon barbarities. We trust, however, that Lord Littleton will go on with the noble work which he has commenced. *Paradise Lost* will read delightfully in Greek — excellent for college students, too, to translate back again. *L'Allegro* would go nicely in Anapaestic. When the learned Lord has finished Milton he should comment on Shakspeare — "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Semitic, by all means; any of the Arian dialects would be too light. — *N. Y. Eve. Mail*.

AN OLD REVOLVER. — The Earth.

— *Punch*.

From The Saturday Review.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT. *

A YOUNG man, aged twenty-seven, tall and gaunt, with a shock-head of curly chestnut hair, a dreamy look caused partly by extreme shortsightedness, and delicate expressive features, of which an extant portrait suggests some resemblance to young Robert Southey, with an indefinable trace of the expression of Charles Lamb, came to London in the year 1828, with a letter of introduction from Cuvier to Sir Alexander Johnston. He was M. Victor Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History in Paris, about to make a scientific tour in India, to study the zoology, botany, and geology of some regions which had been imperfectly explored, and to form collections which were to be transmitted from time to time to Paris. He would remain in India for at least four years, probably for six; and he would require, during his travels in lands under the rule of the East India Company, the goodwill of the English authorities. Therefore he visited London before sailing for Calcutta.

Sir Alexander Johnston, who had been Governor in Ceylon, was delighted with the young Frenchman, and introduced him to the members of the Royal Asiatic Society, who admitted him to their meetings, passed a vote in support of his enterprise, furnished him with letters of introduction to literary societies in India, and elected him a Foreign member. It is this which Jacquemont's nephew and namesake, in a very short biographical sketch prefixed to the new collection of letters, takes to have been election to the Fellowship of our Royal Society. Wherever Victor Jacquemont came in as a guest he seems to have gone out as a friend of the best men with whom he was brought into contact. Lively, sensitive, half-artist, he had been bred as a philosopher, had read much, seen much of the world, and, as he says somewhere in one of these letters, although he had chosen his part in life as a naturalist, the zoology he cared for most was that of man. By the touch of a bore he was frost-bound; and he would be chary even of the necessary explanations of his purpose to an East India Director whose goodwill it was important to secure, but of whose

science he had a poor opinion. The Honourable Company was not so prompt as the Asiatic Society in furnishing the French travelling naturalist with letters of recommendation. But East India Directors also yielded to the charm of Jacquemont's bright, outspoken mind. His friend M. Prosper Mérimée tells us that one of them asked Mr. Sutton Sharpe, who was active in Jacquemont's behalf during this visit to London, "Will you give me your word as a gentleman that he is not a spy of the French Government?" "Assuredly," said Mr. Sharpe; "why do you ask?" "Because, in that case, I am going to write him letters of recommendation." "But you have already given him a dozen." "Ah," said the Director, "such letters as one does give sometimes. Now he shall have such as no one ever had before."

Victor Jacquemont had learnt to read and write when eight years old, in the prison to which his father—once tribune of the people, and Minister of Public Instruction—had been sent, without even a form of trial, by the order of Fouché. After eleven months' imprisonment for sharing the opinions of such friends as Benjamin Constant and Jean Baptiste Say, the elder Jacquemont was an exile till Napoleon ceased to rule. Victor's brother, Porphyre, by ten years his senior, was in the army of the Empire, and shared in the miseries of the retreat from Moscow. Victor in one letter compares with his brother's Russian experience the luxurious customs of the English officers in India. His father spent the later years of his life in philosophical studies, and was in some repute for writings strongly tinged with the opinions of his friend Destutt de Tracy. Destutt de Tracy, Marshal of the army of Lafayette, afterwards a prisoner till 1797, was in the Senate under Napoleon, and was one of the minority called by him the faction of the ideologues. In 1804 he wrote his *Elements of Ideology*; he wrote also on Public Instruction, on the Will, on Morality, and on the Origin of Worship. The discussion of such topics formed a part of the home influence exercised on young Jacquemont, and the friendship between his father and Destutt de Tracy was continued in another generation between Victor Jacquemont and Victor de Tracy, who, together with his wife, stands in this batch of letters, as in the preceding one, foremost among the friends to whom they are addressed.

The first series of Jacquemont's letters was published between thirty and forty years ago, not very long after his death.

* Correspondance Inédite de Victor Jacquemont avec sa Famille et ses Amis, 1824-1832. Précédée d'une Notice Biographique par V. Jacquemont Nèveu, et d'une Introduction par Prosper Mérimée, de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 1867.

It began at the date of his quitting Brest for India, in August, 1828; and gave letters addressed by him to his family and several of his friends, during his travels in India, from 1828 until his premature death at Bombay in 1832. While accumulating, with unwearied energy, his observations and illustrative collections of the geology and botany of regions which before his time had been imperfectly studied, Jacquemont had a keen eye for the essentials, as well as for the humours and the outside colouring, of the new forms of life he saw; and from day to day he set down social, political, and scientific notes, from which he hoped, when he returned to France, to produce a work worth all the labour it had cost. At the same time he maintained active communication with his family and friends, and sent them letters containing characteristic accounts of himself and his movements. They are methodical and clear, as the writing of a man of science should be; and at the same time bright with evidences of quick feeling, sense of humour, and artistic insight. There is not a trace of effort to say something clever, and yet there is not a page in one of his letters which a dull man could by any chance have written. To tell the story of his Indian travel by a volume of such letters was the readiest and pleasantest way of putting it on record. The first two volumes of his correspondence appeared, therefore, as soon as the material could be brought together, were received with interest, and immediately translated into English. The book passed in France through several editions. In 1841 the journal kept by Jacquemont in India, including his scientific observations, was published by the French Government in three large quarto volumes. A fourth volume was added to these in 1844, containing descriptions of the collections sent by him to the Museums of the Jardin des Plantes, the describers being MM. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Milne-Edwards, and others. At the same time appeared, in two other large quartos, an atlas, geological plans and sections, sketches of heads of the people from drawings made by Jacquemont himself in different parts of India, and illustrating not only general ethnology but local types of beauty and ugliness, with physiological studies of the thief, the turbulent man, the murderer, &c.; also route sketches, views of mountain scenery, figures of idols, plans of buildings, and plates of figures of the animals and plants he had collected. This costly record of Jacquemont's Indian explorations was planned and completed under the auspices of his friend, M. Guizot.

The journals were written easily and pleasantly, without any erasure, upon paper of all the regions through which the traveller passed, and they were published without alteration or correction of a word. Now, after the lapse of another quarter of a century, appears, in the book before us, a gathering of letters not included in the previous collection. They are numerous enough to tell the old story once more, with the old charm in the personal narration, and with yet more fulness of biographical detail.

The short introductions to these new volumes, by M. Prosper Mérimée and by their editor, the writer's nephew, enable the reader to note the significance of many passages in the letters which might otherwise have drawn to themselves no special attention. We are told that Jacquemont was born at Paris in the year 1801, the youngest of three brothers. His brother Porphyre was another father to him. His brother Frederic — whom we find, in the letters, representing an embarrassed mercantile house at Hayti — was but two years older than Victor, and much younger in judgment. We must look to the letters and elsewhere for suggestions of the political troubles that disturbed the family life of the Jacquemonts during Victor's school and college days. There is a Second Empire in France, and the editor restricts himself to the statement that his father gave him a solid education, and that when his literary studies came to an end he devoted himself to the sciences, and was admitted to the laboratory of Baron Thénard. He was, we believe, studying medicine. He studied politics too, as member of one of the numerous societies which then discussed abstract republicanism. In Baron Thénard's laboratory one day, disturbed by an idler during an experiment, he broke a jar of cyanogen which he was carrying in his hand. The inhalation of the gas affected his throat so seriously that he was obliged to withdraw from his studies. Thus he became, what he calls himself in one of his letters, a *médecin manqué*. He went to a country-house belonging to his father's friend, General de la Fayette, and there amused himself during his convalescence with the study of botany, zoology, and agriculture. He made tours also in the north of France, Auvergne, and the Alps of Dauphiné and Switzerland. At the age of twenty-five, a disappointment in love produced so painful an effect upon his mind that his brother Porphyre urged upon him a yet greater change of scene and occupation. It appears from the letters that Porphyre not only provided

Victor with the means for a tour in America and a visit to their brother Frederic at Hayti, but was proposing to give him a turn in the Pyrenees when he came back. These opportunities of travel were to be used also in preparation for the career of a naturalist, which Jacquemont had now chosen for himself. Cuvier was a friend of the family, and, if thoroughly competent, Victor might turn his new studies to account in the way that best suited all aspects of his life, by obtaining the post of Travelling Naturalist for the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes. In the United States, therefore, and in Hayti, he was laboriously and zealously qualifying himself for such an office. In Hayti he received the desired appointment, India being his prescribed field of research. He returned to France, prepared himself with energy for his new work, and went to London to get letters of recommendation and countenance from the Anglo-Indian officials.

The collection of correspondence now published begins four years earlier than its predecessor. It shows Jacquemont, in the summer of 1824, discussing music with keen relish of its more spiritual forms, and with a sort of philosophical discrimination; alive to what was truest in the genius of Madame Pasta; warmly interested also in a new contralto singer, with whom he played chess, and talked enthusiastically of Schiller's Marquis Posa. We are shown also how he discussed the new pictures; and generally, in these first letters of the series there is a very good suggestion of the artistic side of his character. Then, while the nature of his cross in love is only indicated by vague references to it, we have now a full record of the voyage to America, and the impressions of American citizenship which Jacquemont sent home to his brother republicans. It is but an instance of his habitual procedure that on his way out he made a permanent friend of the captain of the American ship in which he sailed; worked hard, by book and exercises in conversation, at the study of English; was the one man who played the parts of doctor, nurse, and friend to a coloured seaman who broke his arm; made a point of visiting every part of the ship, below and aloft, mounting even to the topmast, and drawing a deck plan and section of the vessel, with note of the name of every part, to fix whatever could be learnt about it on his memory.

Of the society of the United States in 1826-7 Jacquemont gives an unfavourable sketch. The great men of the Revolution were, he says, trained in the old European

school. They were dead, and had left no worthy successors. In Hayti, a Republic ruled by a Dictator, Jacquemont found his brother Frederic, impetuous and imperious, newly out of trouble produced by a duel, busy with the cares of the involved estate he represented, lord of the person of a native lady who had a large independent business; a contentious gentleman, to whom his studious and quiet brother Victor seemed to be wanting in pluck, though, finding it impossible to quarrel with him, he could love him heartily. Victor Jacquemont was hospitably put into occupation of a country-house, which he had all to himself, and where he studied rocks and plants and multiplied dried specimens from morning until night. Returning to New York, he travelled south and north, and still declared that the great body of the population learnt nothing more than was needful to enable each to earn his money, and that the Americans had neither the humour nor the social graces whereby some contrive to hide their ignorance. Trained in the school of the French Encyclopædists, he saw only the worse side of their Puritanism. Comparing their Sundays with their weekdays, he spoke of the Bible as "the scourge of America," and said that, if the people really believed what they professed to believe, they could not live as they do.

Jacquemont's scepticism was a product of his time, part of a general reaction against blind subjection to authority, and, like Shelley, he judged precept by practice that fell short of his own natural sense of right. His philosophy taught him to conquer his passions, to cultivate his powers, and to live so that his life should be serviceable to the community. On the voyage out to America, when he was playing the part of Good Samaritan to the man who had been disabled by a broken limb, he observed that nobody else took any interest in his patient, or even troubled himself to ask a formal question about him. In India, as everywhere else, Jacquemont lived for his duty. He worked at Hindostanee and Persian as he had worked at English; he even read as he rode on his Indian marches, when the way was dull, was active at every halting-place in the collection and preparation of his specimens, and in making scientific observations of the country. In Cashmere, where the man who before his time had the best opportunities of observation spoilt them by devotion to the pleasures of the land, Jacquemont still lived as a philosopher, and indeed got from Runjeet Singh

the title of Aflatoun ul Zeman, the Plato of the Age, and sometimes Aristotelis or Boerates — i. e. Socrates. The same potentate showed his more substantial appreciation of the worth of the young French traveller by offering him the post of Viceroy of Cashmere, worth, to the native dignitary who had last held it, five hundred rupees a day in salary, and about fourteen lacs of rupees a year in perquisites. Jacquemont refused the honour, laughing, as he replied, that such things were below the notice of an Aflatoun. Upon which he says, "Runjeet almost apologized to me for the unsuitableness of his proposal."

The illustration of Jacquemont's personal character by his letters from India is strengthened, in the volumes now published, by the introduction of some new features of considerable interest. With a Spaniard at Calcutta, Joseph Hezeta, who shared his political feelings and seems also to have had a cross in love, Jacquemont established a warm friendship, and the letters to this gentleman, which only now appear, abound in bright touches of character. M. de Meslay, a captain in the French navy, who, when afloat, suffered continually from sea-sickness, went out with Jacquemont in the *Zélee*, to take the post of Governor at Pondicherry. In letters written afterwards to him, and in the letters of Jacquemont to the managing body of the Jardin des Plantes, which also now appear for the first time, we have a lively representation of the difficulties caused by his inadequate travelling allowance, and of the self-denial with which he restricted himself to the barest necessities that he might accumulate a small fund for scientific purposes. In fact, no sacrifice that Jacquemont could have made would have sufficed if he had not won to himself so many friends in India. Upon his arrival at Calcutta he charmed both the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, and his wife, so that he became rather a familiar friend than a guest in Government House, cultivating English, and talking of music and poetry with Lady Bentinck in the morning, and spending his evenings in grave talk with Lord William by the hour together in a corner of the drawing-room. He left Calcutta, in November, 1829, for Delhi, by way of Benares, Bundelcund, and Agra. Then, taking Delhi for headquarters, he went north to the Himalayas, and spent three months in exploration of their Indian slopes, forming collections of their plants, and making a fresh study of their

geology, from the sources of the Ganges to the banks of the Sutlej. This journey brought him to Simlah, whence the desire of knowledge tempted him to cross into Tibet. In Tibet also he travelled for three months, pushing eastward beyond the first Chinese posts. When he had gone to the north as far as Ladak, the chills of autumn warned him to return to Delhi, which he reached in December, 1830. In winter quarters there, he heard of the Revolution of July, and his old political aspirations for his country were again astir. At a dinner in celebration of that event he made an enthusiastic speech in English, ending with a toast, "To concord between France and England." In the former volumes of his correspondence the whole speech is to be found, repeated, in English in a letter to his father. A French officer, General Alard, who had trained the army of Runjeet Singh, had now procured for Jacquemont an invitation to Lahore. In March, 1831, he began his exploration of the Punjab. On the 8th of May he entered Cashmere, where he studied during five months the natural history of a country which had been inaccessible to European travellers since the time of Bernier, in 1663. In September he revisited Lahore, and it was there that the chief who, from the command of a gang of robbers, had raised himself to absolute rule over twenty millions of men, offered Jacquemont the Viceroyalty of Cashmere. Runjeet Singh's dominions were to the French traveller a fairyland of gifts in money, food, horses, and all that he could be supposed to want. From the Punjab he returned to Delhi, where he enjoyed European hospitality until he proceeded across Rajpootanah to Bombay. On the 5th of June he was at Poonah, where he had an attack of cholera, and lay for five days between life and death. He went on before he was recovered, contracted a fresh illness in the pestilential forests of Salsette, reached Bombay on the 9th of October much exhausted, took to his bed, and died there after an illness of thirty days. His intention had been, from Bombay, to descend the chain of the Ghauts of Malabar to Cape Comorin, then come up by the coast of Coromandel to embark for France at Madras or Pondicherry. Instead of the great books he meant to write when he came back to France, we have letters and journals which represent so naturally the charm of a most winning character in all its aspects, that they add the interest of biography to the bright record of travel.

From The Saturday Review.

SCENERY AND SOCIETY IN MAURITIUS. *

MAURITIUS is a place that deserves to be well remembered and well described. The reports which visitors and residents give of it induce the belief that there are few more beautiful islands in the world. The views which we have seen of the entrance to the harbour of Port Louis remain impressed on our memories with the harmonious confusion of quaint mountain-peaks rising in the background from shores fringed with spreading palms and cocoa-nuts. Nothing can be more strangely picturesque than the configuration of the mountains, and a sail round the island must present them to the eye in multiform variety. Nor is the landscape the only striking view which Mauritius offers. Composed as its population is of almost every Eastern and African element, with two or three European elements, the traveller is perpetually meeting new types of physiognomy and new styles of costume. Add to these specimens of novelty a tropical sky, cloudless by day and night for four months of the year, and in the hot season vexed by tempests such as we rarely witness in these colder climes; houses built in a fashion utterly unknown to the inhabitants of Western Europe; fruits and flowers of a form, flavour, and beauty undreamed of by the mass of untravelling Europeans; and it is clear that this island has pretensions to be described by one who combines the qualities of an artist and a poet. That Mr. Boyle is neither one nor the other detracts much from the effect of his work. Still though his book has no particular animation, and is deformed by that most detestable of faults, an affectation of facetiousness in season and out of season, his faculty of observation has enabled him to see many things which are worth knowing. If, with this faculty, he had combined those of vivid imagination and poetical description, his record would have been more likely to live than it now is.

The following is his description of the Port Louis population:—

You can have no idea how striking and varied a feature of life in Port Louis is its population. You have natives from every part of the vast continent of India, all differing not less in feature than in form. Weedy and athletic men, imperial looking, by far the rarest of the two; and miserable, insignificant women. They are of all hues and shades. In the course of

half an hour's walk, you stumble on Parsees, Arabs, Cingalese, Chinamen, Lascars, Malays, Mosambiques, and Malgaches (natives of Madagascar). Add to these the negro, the mulatto, the French Creole, the English Creole; nor do I throw in all the other Europeans. Picture to yourself the confusion of tongues and diversity of costume of all this small Babel. Nothing can be more diverting to the eye, at least to mine, than a drive or a stroll through the most frequented thoroughfares of Port Louis.

This motley group testifies to one of the greatest economical experiments ever made. Mauritius had a large slave population both before and after its cession to England. When emancipation came, its negro population, like that of other tropical colonies, ceased to work, or worked but poorly in the cane-fields. Mauritius was then wholly uncleared in the central parts; and its forests afforded ample ground for the emancipated population to squat in. It seemed quite probable that the cultivation of the island would dwindle away, and that the wealth which its connection with England had introduced into it would disappear. Fortunately Mauritius possessed one grand resource which was denied to the West Indian colonies. It was near India; and the labouring population of India was known to be poorly paid and fed. It was suggested that labourers should be brought down to replace the negroes on the estates. The first experiment was mismanaged and failed. Not only did it fail, but it roused the suspicions of the London philanthropists, who thought they saw in it an attempt to re-introduce slavery under another name. The local Government sympathized with this fear, and directed its influence rather towards preventing than facilitating the immigration. Ultimately, the accession of Lord Grey to the Colonial Office disarmed the Exeter Hall party, if not of its jealousy, at any rate of its hostility, and the Indian immigration was placed on a footing which, while it supplied solvent planters with an adequate amount of labour, satisfied the scruples of all reasonable humane men. If Lord Grey had never done any thing else during his tenure of the seals of the Colonial Office, he would have done enough to earn the gratitude of the colonists by his successful efforts to reconcile the claims of humanity with the interests of the planters. Perhaps no system was ever better worth being studied by philosophical economists than the code of instructions under which the transport, employment, and protection of Coolie immigrants into Mauritius was secured. The results are a production of sugar more than

* *Far Away: Sketches of Scenery and Society in Mauritius.* By C. J. Boyle. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

doubled since the time of emancipation, annual exports to the value of one million and a quarter, and an Indian population in the proportion of about two to one to all the other inhabitants. With such a large alien element Mauritius presents many features purely Indian to the English observer. Mr. Boyle thus describes the appearance of the Indians in the Bazaar of Port Louis : —

All over these stone floors, before their respective heaps of vegetables and fruits and flowers, of which some are tumbling over out of the brimful baskets, some piled up on the ground, you see squatted little parties of Indian women. Numberless plump, small, stark naked urchins of both sexes are running and frisking about, or sprawling and playing at their mothers' sides. They look like so many pieces of dark polished marble, or still more like the little chocolate figures in the bonbons shops on the Paris Boulevards. These market women are, with few exceptions, very handsomely dressed, and evidently the Bazaar is held to be worth the pains of a little daily coquetry. Fresh buds and leaves are often twisted into their black silken shining hair, along with a profusion of gold or silver ornaments. The ear and nose are loaded with rings. In the nose one rarely sees more than one, but often large enough to fall below the lips, and so far convenient, as it is possible to eat through it. In a single ear I have counted as many as five rings, of different shapes, while in the other you may see but one. Indians do not consider such a want of conformity in bad taste, and I rather agree with them. These ear-rings are generally set with roughly cut emeralds or rubies, or pearls, but they are seldom of any size. Look at that woman, . . . her round plump shoulders are quite bare. A bright apple-green muslin drapery with a crimson or lilac border is drawn across her full and scarcely concealed bosom. With this she wears a tight-fitting silk jacket of some dark rich colour. A mass of deep orange folds of a thicker material twines about her legs which, however, are left sufficiently uncovered to display the anklets and numberless toe rings. The cross divisions of her hair between the roots are bedaubed with a blood-coloured sort of paste. A round spot of the same about as big as an official wafer is on her forehead, and the inside of her mouth is nearly as red with the juice of the betel nut she is chewing. Sometimes the paint descends in a straight line to the very tip of the nose. . . . Her arms are tattooed and loaded with broad circles of gold or silver crowded together between the shoulder and elbow, and again from the wrists upwards nearly to meet the others. These women often look as if they were half in armour. As a variety, knobs of one or the other metal dangle from thongs of leather; and the throat is encircled by a plain collar, not unlike an English dog's, but of the above-named more costly material; or there is a row of large golden or silver coins, sovereigns, or rupees, or some piece of money or other, with

a small wire or crimson thread run through them. Now and then one sees a face as remarkable for beauty and regularity of feature as the costume is for its richness, but as a rule you do not meet with many handsome Indian women.

No place in the world, we should think, not even excepting Malta, can present such a varied contrast of colours, faces, costumes, and languages as this small colony.

That the Indian immigration was absolutely necessary is clear from the character of the emancipated negroes. Our author is evidently afraid of provoking the wrath of the Anti-Slavery Society, but he cannot help speaking his mind about the shortcomings of the negro, who is in Mauritius very much what he is in Barbadoes and Jamaica, only less stalwart in frame, and less insolent in demeanour. Like his more Western compatriot, he is fond of dress, show, holidays, and idleness. Though he can work, he won't. Despite their love of finery, "the genuine black natives of the island are almost universally filthy in their habits, and in their persons too; and slovenly to the last degree, if not disgustingly dirty, in their dress; generally both." It is recorded that during the memorable and fatal cholera of 1854 there were negro huts in which *bottes vernies* and shirts with cambric frills and dandy gloves were to be found, but not a blanket or a single pot, pan, or basin in which broth could be cooked or served. The natural consequence was that the negro population perished in excess beyond all others. That such a population should eschew domestic service except for its own occasional convenience, and then, when it found it convenient, should perform its duties carelessly and faithlessly, was only too likely. Unfortunately, education, which was expected to correct these defects of the negro mind, has only made them worse. The young negro, in addition to disliking work, learns to despise it; and, as he has not conceived the idea of preferring his claim to the estates of the white inhabitants, he is forced to supply the necessities of his easy life by petty theft. But, idle and thievish as the negro of the present day is, he is the same jocund, laughing, reckless being that he is everywhere else, when not warped and soured by political teachings.

Our author speaks thus of the mixed — or mulatto — races : —

I have been told that, as a class, the Mulattoes are exceedingly corrupt; that, as witnesses in court, perjury is almost openly for the highest

bidder; that in the definition of the words right and wrong, they allow themselves, on all subjects, a far wider latitude than the unmixed race. I know not, but if they do, is there not an excuse for them which the others cannot share? Have they not sprung from vice? Was not their very origin a want of principle? During a long series of years no white man thought it in any way incumbent upon him to marry the black mother of his children; and even now, I believe it is the exception to the rule.

It is curious that, allowing this premise, he deduces the inference that the future rulers, magistrates, judges, and proprietors of the colony ought to come from this race. If so, it will be a bad look-out for the island. The whole question is beset with difficulties, and it is impossible to speak fully about it without wounding the feelings of some person or other. We believe the prevalent impression on the minds of those who have lived long in tropical colonies to be that continued intermarriages between mulattoes, particularly between mulattoes who are each removed in equal degrees from white and black, are not likely to be fruitful, and that intermarriages between the descendants of these persons must ultimately be sterile. Some who speak with a knowledge of this class declare that the mulatto race must die out unless recruited by alliances between white men and negro women, alliances which are becoming rarer than they were. The alternative is absorption into one or other of the two constituent races. On the whole, moral and physical conditions seem to fight against the future ascendancy of the mulattoes, who, gifted as they may be with quick and active intelligence, are feeble in frame, and sensitive, conceited, and impulsive in character. Some of their best trained men are very good indeed, but do not seem to exercise as much influence as they ought over the opinions or the conduct of their fellows.

There seem to be two attractions in Mauritius which counterbalance the drawbacks of bad servants and distance from England; one is a beautiful climate, the other is beautiful scenery. Our author is no poet; but even from his prosaic pages we gather how great an enjoyment it must be in a bright fine May evening to lounge in a verandah, a gentle breeze fanning one's face, the thermometer standing at 70 degrees, and the clear unclouded sky bright with the beauty of the Milky Way and the glory of the Southern Cross. Then what an idea it gives one of a luxuriant Flora, to

read of verandahs and door lintels overhung with clustering stephanotis and wax-flowers; of groves of jambrosa and hibiscus; of hedges of aloe and yacca; of avenues of palm trees and casuarinas! How charming must be those evening drives home from Port Louis over the Western Hills, under trees rich with blossom and prodigal of fragrance, the grotesque peaks of the volcanic mountains glowing with the amber and violet tints of a tropical sunset! Then, again, how enjoyable must be the shooting excursions into the primeval forest, where there still linger remnants of the deer which once monopolized the centre of the island! How cordial that primitive hospitality which the French *habitans* still pride themselves on extending towards all strangers who penetrate into their remote settlements! Nor can we help suspecting that the French planter is a much more sensible fellow than his English neighbour. While the latter is cursing the climate, the servants, and the food, brooding over what he is silly enough to deem his hard lot in being exiled from England, and absorbed in the task of amassing sufficient money wherewith to buy a stuck-up ill-built house in Tyburnia, and parade his family in the Park during the season; the Frenchman, more grateful for the good which he enjoys, utilizes every resource of soil, climate, and scenery, builds his château at the foot of a shady mountain, or on the confines of a wooded ravine, or by the soft and winsome beauty of a tranquil bay; gathers his belongings about him, brings from Paris the bijouterie of his *salon* and the decorations of his bed-room, and sets to work to make life comfortable. While the Englishman is swearing at the privations of his enforced exile, the Frenchman is alleviating them by care, diligence, and providence. Between the daily visits to the sugar-house he is occupied with procuring food or directing its preparation. Nowhere in the world are there better breakfasts. Nowhere is there more hearty hospitality. The sea provides fish of great variety. These make excellent *bouillie braise*, to which additional piquancy is given by the *piments*, of which different kinds abound. Then turkeys grow to a size and a flavour rarely known in England. Add to these a curried fowl and a bottle of cooled claret, and the breakfast of the French *habitant* merits all praise. Nor is its savour impaired by the reflection that Madame and her daughters have taken a personal interest in its concoction. Neither, as we gather from our author, are French hospitalities confined to the coun-

try. The houses in Port Louis exhibit a *rus in urbe*. Detached, and surrounded by gardens, they luxuriate in flowers and shrubs. In the evening their saloons are lighted up, and music and dancing reward the unceremonious visits of friendly neighbours. The Creole ladies are famous for that charm of manner which is inspired by self-possession, simplicity, and good nature.

Such are the enjoyments of a colony in which English wealth and French refinement have combined to turn the prodigal gifts of nature to account, and to reproduce the comforts and civilization of European life. We only regret that the pen of Mr. Boyle has not done justice to the beauties of the colony, or his own appreciation of them. We cannot, however, conclude without expressing the hope that the horrible details which he has given of the neglect of all sanitary provisions in Port Louis may awake the conscience of its municipal rulers, and urge them to take some means for preventing a recurrence of that frightful epidemic which has recently avenged their disgraceful indifference to the laws of cleanliness and health.

WILDER DWIGHT.

A SIMPLE, spirited, and graphic sketch of the career of another of those young soldiers whose lives are the property of the country for the sake of which they were laid down. The value of such faithful records will increase as time goes on, becoming the storehouse from whose treasures will be drawn the true history, which shall yet be written, of the struggle through which we have not yet passed. And more than this, the record of a life and death like that of Wilder Dwight affords a most profitable, and at the same time most attractive, example to those who must take, in our country's history, the places left vacant by those too early lost, who should have been our future strength, who, though dead, yet speaking in these touching annals, will yet be that strength through the lives inspired by theirs.

S.

From The Boston Advertiser.

Wilder Dwight was born in Springfield, Mass., on the 23d of April, 1833. In 1846 he went to Exeter Academy; he spent six

months in 1848-9 in a private military school at West Point; and he graduated at Harvard College in 1853. In 1857 he began the practice of the law in Boston. In 1861 he was commissioned as major of the 2d regiment of Massachusetts volunteers; during General Banks's retreat in May, 1862, he was taken prisoner; in June he was commissioned as lieutenant-colonel of his regiment; in August he was exchanged; he was wounded at Antietam, and he died after two days near the field of battle, on the 19th of September, 1862. He was one of the best men whom Massachusetts lost in the war, and the memoir of him written by his mother is one of the most interesting of the Harvard Memorial Biographies.

But within the limits necessarily imposed on the writers of the Harvard Memorial Biographies, the character of a man like Wilder Dwight could not be fully set forth, nor could the best use be made of his voluminous letters, — a record of the military operations in which he shared, — invaluable, owing to his clear intelligence and sober expression. Accordingly his *Life and Letters* * have lately been published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in a handsome octavo of three hundred and fifty-one pages, embellished with an excellent likeness of him in photograph. An appendix contains interesting matter relative to his services and death which could not be well incorporated with the narrative. In the construction of the work and in the selection of the materials for it, the same tender discretion is everywhere apparent which distinguishes the memoir already mentioned, — the same combination of freedom, reticence and sincerity which marks Dwight's letters. The symmetry of the work represents faithfully the symmetry of his character; and thus, by something more than the mere facts of his history, the reader is led to a knowledge of the man.

The *Life and Letters* of Wilder Dwight reveal high purposes and sentiments, and depths of feeling unknown even to many who thought they knew him well, —

"Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of."

Many who loved and admired him will love and admire him more for this disclosure. He was a hard student on principle; yet without systematic study he would have done much, for his mind was one of those

* *Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight*, Lieut.-Colonel Second Mass. Inf. Vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1868, pp. 351.

that cannot waste time and opportunity — one of those in which every fact, however trivial, co-ordinates itself for certain use, and to which every experience is an instrument of culture. A kind of dogmatism in his youth was taking the shape of resolute conviction in the man; it was founded, not on a want of generosity (for who was more generous than he?) but on the clear deliverance of his conscience and his worship of truth. He venerated great and good men; and such loved him, and found him modest. He was a man of definite and right aims, and firm in the pursuit of them; yet he was free from pride of opinion; and no one could yield a point more gracefully than he, when it seemed to him just to do so. The distinctive feature of his mind was, doubtless, sound sense; but he also had in a high degree the royal faculty of imagination, without which no man can personally influence his fellows, and which in letters is the cause of style.

Mr. R. W. THOMPSON, of Edinburgh, has at length to all appearance succeeded in making a steam locomotive fit for common roads. Hitherto it has been very difficult to use steam power on ordinary roads, for this chief reason — that if the wheels of the engines are made smooth, they fail to bite the road, and slip instead of rolling, while, on the other hand, if the wheels are roughened by spikes or by other means, they destroy the Macadam. The invention of Mr. Thomson in his New Road Steamer, is an exceedingly simple one, and promises to be effective. In a road engine which he has prepared for the island of Java, he has made the tires of vulcanized india-rubber. They are twelve inches broad, and five inches thick. The engine to which they are fixed weighs between four and five tons, and yet the wheels, when moving over soft, bad roads, or across a soft grass field, do not sink in the slightest degree, and scarcely leave their impress behind, owing to the elastic and cushion-like character of the material forming the tires of the wheels. The trials that have been made with the road steamer in the vicinity of Edinburgh show that a hard rigid material is not necessary for biting power in the wheel tires. Also that the rubber has an amount of durability beyond conception. No trace of wear has shown itself on the surface of the rubber even though the trials have been made over roads laid with material of the most testing character,

such as broken and angular flints. The engine was constructed to draw an omnibus weighing (with its load of say thirty passengers) about four tons, on a level road; but, in one of its trials it ascended a hilly incline of one in twelve, with a huge steam-boiler in tow, weighing, with its truck, between twelve and thirteen tons. Its speed is from nine to ten miles per hour. Messrs. Fowler and Co., of Leeds, are so satisfied with what they have seen of these trials at Edinburgh, that they are about to test Thomson's india-rubber tire system for themselves on their own traction engines. But the most hopeful token of success is this, that it is guaranteed by the name of Mr. Thomson, whose inventive faculty has already reached remarkable success. In the late Exhibition at Paris he showed a rotary engine, which is of the most ingenious description, and which has gone further than any similar attempt to show the possibility of producing such an engine — one of the chief puzzles of practical mechanics. He also, if I mistake not, is the inventor of the portable steam crane. He made this machine possible by a very simple expedient — that of placing the steam-engine on the platform of the crane as the counterpoise of the load to be lifted. The engine being then part and parcel of the crane could be moved with it at pleasure.

— *Once a Week.*

THERE is a colour much in vogue just now called *Céladon*. It is a sort of dull sea-green — something like green jade; and it plays a prominent part in all French decorations; but chiefly in porcelain. I never met an Englishman who knew the meaning of the term; and I have asked dozens of Frenchmen to explain it, without success. Yet the explanation lies on the surface. *Céladon* is the name of a personage in D'Urfé's romance of *L'Astrée*, distinguished for the extravagance of his love, and from him any languishing lover — soft even to stupidity — came to be called a *Céladon*. When the tint of a dull sea-green was brought under the notice of the fine ladies of France they said that here was their *Céladon* again. It was a tint characteristic of him, — it had all his *tendresse fade*, — his heavy sort of tenderness, — and it should be called *Céladon*. *Céladon* is a colour that has reached the point of tenderness, but it is the tenderness of a neutral tint that does not pretend to be lively.

— *Once a Week.*

HOW THE GERMANS MAKE LOVE.

(Leipsic Correspondence, Boston Gazette.)

Oh! you American lovers, rejoicing in your secret walks, your lonely rides, your escorts from evening prayer-meetings, those well-established rendezvous for lovers; you who can indulge in secret sighs, billets doux, and poetry, little do you realize the inconvenience with which a modern German courtship is carried on. There are no secret interviews and smuggled letters to inspire the heart of an amorous German. If he has anything to say, he says it before anybody and everybody who happens to be in the room. If he calls upon the mistress of his affection he beholds her quietly knitting a stocking in the midst of the family circle; and with all this array of spectators must he unbosom his heart and woo his bride. By unbosoming his heart, I don't mean proposing. Unless he can watch a second behind a door in a ball-room, or elude for an instant the watchful care of the young lady's guardians, that momentous question, "Will you have me?" and its delicious answer, "Yes, dearest," will never be whispered between them at all. He must go to *paterfamilias*, or some married friend whose affections are doubtless as withered as her features, and make them the mediators. When all is arranged, the engagement announced, and the romance entirely over, then he can see the lady alone, take her occasionally to the theatre (when he wishes to do this before the engagement he must invite also the mother or the aforementioned withered relation), and indulge in a walk once a week. This extreme reserve seems at first glance the more unnatural, from the fact that Germans are essentially a romantic and poetical people. Their literature, their love of music and worship of art show this, no less than the mistaken and romantic attempts at chivalry among the students, and the tenderness and kindness one meets with everywhere: their politeness, rough though it sometimes is, and the interest, almost curiosity, which is taken in your affairs. But Germans have to look beyond mere flirtation and love-making. They are usually poor, and must choose a wife as the Vicar of Wakefield did, "for wear." A flashy, brilliant girl, who lacked the usual domestic instruction, would never do for them, and a lady who should throw off her reserve and openly accept the attentions of gentlemen, would, if she succeeded in keeping her character, never win a husband. German men are not easily caught by appearances. There are some sad stories connected with German engagements, owing to the excessive poverty of the men, and the necessity for almost every one to work his way from the bottom of the ladder. Frau Dr. S. told me with tears in her eyes of an elderly lady living near here who has been engaged fifty years. At no time has her lover earned enough to marry upon, and now both are grey-haired, and approaching the grave, and though their hopes of marriage in life are over, they

keep their vows sacred for another world. There are many such cases, doubtless, where a whole lifetime is one continued struggle between hope and despair, a struggle only ended with death. The struggle is not always on the part of the bridegrooms, for there is a custom here appalling to a man with several daughters and a small income. In America, if a lady consents to deliver up her own precious self, the sacrifice is considered by the enraptured lover quite sufficient; but here the lady must bring as a dowry all the furniture, linen, and household utensils; in fact, everything necessary to housekeeping. The absolute dismay of an honest German, with eight charming daughters and five hundred thalers' income, can be conceived where such a custom is in vogue. Perhaps this is one reason why the mothers do not spend their lives like the English dowagers, in constant endeavours to knock their daughters off to the lowest bidder (I fear that "lowest bidder" will not be understood by the speculative Yankees),—I mean to the man who will take the smallest amount of money with them, for Englishmen never think of making the incumbrance of a wife without the jointure.

PAST "SENSATIONALISTS."—Long prior to the appearance of Maturin and Matthew Lewis, our grandfathers had been thrilled and terrified by a series of romances which, though probably owing their birth to the suggestion of the "Castle of Otranto," yet claimed a merit which had never before been attempted, and which allowing something to priority of conception, has never yet been excelled. Anne Radcliffe has been called the *Salvator Rosa* of British novelists; and if force of conception, a power of grouping together whatever is imposing, grand, or terrible, a nice discrimination in the adjustment of the parts of her involved stories, and a thorough knowledge of the effects to be evolved from particular distribution of colours, can support the judgment of her admirers, then it must be allowed that she is fairly entitled to the appellation. Her first novel was "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," which, unlike most of the earliest compositions of authors who afterwards became celebrated, evinced no promise of the marked success she was subsequently to achieve. Then followed "The Sicilian Romance." This book succeeded in attracting a tolerable amount of attention. Though written in the black and white style, and though displaying little subtlety of perception, "The Sicilian Romance" is full of fine descriptions of natural scenery and accounts of adventures, which though mostly improbable, are forcibly and cleverly expressed. This work gained for Mrs. Radcliffe the flattering comment of Sir Walter Scott, that "Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole,

though writing upon an imaginative subject are decidedly prose authors. Mrs. Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction; that is, if actual rhyme shall not be deemed essential to poetry." "The Sicilian Romance" was followed by "The Romance of the Forest," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "The Italian," and "Gaston de Blondville." Mrs. Radcliffe from the first had displayed great descriptive powers; it was reserved for her later works to show that she united to this faculty the art of delineating passion as it had not often been delineated before. The character of La Motte may be ranked amongst the most admirable melodramatic portraits in fiction. Nor do I employ the term "melodramatic" at all in a detracting sense. The various elements that interpenetrate her conceptions, indeed, of which her conceptions are composed, render her, as they render Shakespeare, Scott, Lytton, Hugo, intensely melodramatic. A wide survey of life invariably entails the melodramatic spirit. Life itself is a melodrama. The common-place yields to the romantic, the romantic to the ridiculous, the ridiculous to the sublime. An ever-shifting scene of passion is being enacted before our eyes. The Romantic is only different from the Actual in its eclecticism; in its proneness to enlarge the boundaries of observation; in its willingness to subordinate the small to the great; to render more emphatic by idealistic treatment the Grand in opposition to the Actualists, who strive to render emphatic the Commonplace by fidelity in representation. Certainly the character of La Motte is a representation of a type of life that, like the professional highwayman, the Fleet parson, the bewigged beau, and the belted smuggler, has passed away, or assumed a different name and aspect. But there is the true dramatic flavour in the composition of the French villain. His character is melodramatized because his surroundings are melodramatized; but it does not lessen the genius with which his character is conceived because Mrs. Radcliffe invested him with the impressive imagery of mountain, forest, and lake; because she darkened the sky beneath which he stood; because she associated him with the ruined castle, the murderous banditti, the moated grange, and the supernatural machinery of the romance sixty years ago. — *The Argosy*.

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY. — The most beautiful episode in his life was his deep attachment to Highland Mary — the pure-minded maiden who pledged her troth to him in his gloomiest hour; who died so early, and left him lonely in the world to clutch at worthless enjoyments, to struggle onwards against poverty, neglect, insult, and self-upbraidings, till at thirty-seven years of age he passed away. Formerly it was believed that his parting interview with Mary Campbell was an early event, even as he himself declared it to have been. He

wished to mystify inquirers and preserve the secret of that holy affection. Less readily might his "Bonny Jean" have forgiven the intense worship paid by his soul to the innocent Highland Mary, immeasurably her superior, than the transient wanderings of his fancy towards unworthy rivals. So the man bore the secret in his own heart, striving bravely against ills that were partly his own bringing; only at rare intervals he gave vent to the agony of memory, such as inspired his beautiful lines "To Mary in Heaven." We envy no one who can read unmoved the narrative of the anniversary when "My Mary from my side was torn." We remember the carefully guarded manner by which the poet, usually unreserved in speech, eluded questions of curiosity regarding that event. Robin, Robin, the earthly punishment of thy fault was manfully borne; but it would have been better for thee had that gentle Highland girl, with her pious courage, her meek but unswerving faith, been the partner allotted to thee, instead of the early-wronged woman who had no power or will to lift thee to a holier life. We now know the date of his engagement with Mary — 1786. The disastrous intrigue with Jean Armour had wrecked his character and peace of mind. His offer of reparation had been insultingly refused by the father of Jean. The girl herself, either from mercenary fears, weakness of heart, or from willingness to accept another suitor, had agreed to the contemptuous rejection of Burns. Wrecked in reputation, abandoned by friends, despairing of himself or of any advancement in his native land, he determined to emigrate, and attempt in the West Indies to gain independence. In a few months the pestilential climate might have robbed us of the truest poet Scotland ever bore. At this hour came the wild excitement that produced fruit in him of those marvellous Bacchanalian songs — "Willie brewed a peck o' Maut," and "The Whistle." It was a dangerous time, the peril of a noble soul in the darkness. In despair, he remembered the innocence and affection of a young girl, Mary Campbell — the Highland Mary to whose name his own is inseparably joined. All voices were loud against him, prudence forbade her union with this outlawed man, but the girl dared to trust the love in her own heart, and looked to her Heavenly Father for protection. She knew that Burns had sinned, and how he had repented. She knew he was free to be her husband — made free even by the scorn of that Jean whom he had injured. She knew how little prospect of fortune he had, but she believed in his affection. She vowed to be true to him, and called Heaven to witness that vow. They exchanged Bibles, and parted, looking to a speedy reunion; but death came between, and they never on earth met again. In Dumfries the ashes of the great poet rest. There is hallowed dust in Greenock, also, that no lover of Burns can fail to reverence paying pilgrimage to the tomb of Highland Mary. — *Karl's Legacy, by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth*.

BLACK MONDAY.

WHAT means this throng of maidens
With boxes canvas-clad,
Which porters see
Expecting fee
And wait on mothers sad ?

Mammas, papas, and brothers
Beside the carriage pace,
So much they try
To check a sigh
And keep a cheerful face.

Ah ! Christmas-tide is over,
The holidays are done,
Each ball-room belle
Young lady swell
Is mournful, woe-begone.

For hath not Mrs. NIPSKID,
With pædagogical craft
Enclosing bill
That bitter pill
Precursor of a draft,

Sent forth an invitation
To make young ladies tremble
On such a day
She hopes she may
See young friends re-assemble ?

The joy of many mansions,
The pride of many a home,
By road and rail,
Express and mail,
Unhappy girls they come.

When manly hearts are failing,
And mothers sit in tears,
Oh ! hardest fate
For JANE and KATE
To combat with their fears.

The journey little comfort brings,
Such trials are in store,
They almost drop
When cabbies stop
A-front o' th' hated door.

How kind the Dowager appears
Till the first night's expired,
"The journey's long,
You are not strong,
I'm sure you must be tired.

"Your holidays you have enjoyed,
Your friends are well, I trust ;
Now come with me
And have some tea,
Be hungry 'deed you must."

Some five-and-twenty perhaps sit down
Around the smoking toast :
A sorry sight,
No appetite
That any one can boast.

Teetotalers may prattle ;
It's very plain to see,
The cup which cheers
These doleful dears,
Is not the cup of tea.

When left alone the old ones seem
A little more resigned ;
The new girls meek,
Afraid to speak,
But little comfort find.

Now Night, the old Confessor, comes
To listen to their woes :
What tears are shed,
When they're in bed,
He never will disclose.

—Punch.

THE SEASONS.

BY AN INVALID.

I LOVE the Spring.
It seems to bring
Fresh breezes from the Adriatic : —
(The wind, at least,
Is from the East,
And gives me agonies rheumatic !)

When Summer's here,
I hold it dear, —
Of flowery wealth a gracious giver : —
(Although I've got,
Whene'er it's hot,
Some touches of a sluggish liver.)

When Autumn hints
With beauteous tints
That Summer's song has its cadenza,
I love it well : —
(Though truth to tell,
I know it brings me influenza !)

And Winter's snow
I love also —
For snow a seasonable sight is : —
(Although there are
Cough, cold, catarrh,
Diphtheria, phthisis and bronchitis !)

—Fun.

CHIGNONS have fallen ; those abominations
have at last come to grief, and there is scarcely
one to be seen in all Paris. The fiat of fashion
has gone forth, and chignons are abolished.
The new way of doing the hair is to roll it up into
a large flat cart-wheel on the top of the head,
coming to within an inch of the forehead. It
requires no artificial aid. — *Ladies' Own Paper.*